YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY

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By the men . . for the men in the service

A HERO COMES HOME. The battle-scarred cruiser San Francisco enters the harbor of the city for which she was named. Repairs were necessary following her remarkable performance against much heavier Japanese ships off Guadalcanal.

NAVY ISSUE

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THE Navy Fights

Our Navy is fighting a hard-headed, hard-fisted war, making the rules as it goes. In accounts and charts of three engagements of the last year, YANK gives a composite picture of the war our Navy is fighting with all its strength.

Battle of the Java Sea

FEBRUARY 27, 1942

THE Jap was preparing the double encirclement of Java that would complete his hold on the Indies. In the north his convoys were gathering.

The defending Allied fleet was outnumbered and partly crippled. The only strategy open to its commander, the Dutch Admiral Doorman, was to gather together all possible ships in the sea, then hope to connect with only one Jap convoy at a time, until reinforcements arrived.

For five days Doorman cruised with his greatest possible strength: the American cruiser *Houston,* minus her after turret; the old British heavy cruiser *Exeter;* the Australian light cruiser *Perth;* two Dutch light cruisers; and 10 destroyers, four of them American.

On Feb. 27, reconaissance reported a big convoy about halfway across the Java Sea, slanting down toward the island. "Exhaustion point far exceeded," Doorman had just radioed. His men had been at their stations for more than 37 hours. Nevertheless, he wheeled toward the Jap.

With contact, the two cruisers expected in the Jap convoy turned out to be eight and the four

A NEAR HIT. Dropping out of low squall clouds, Jap dive bombers penetrate antiaircraft fire, narrowly missing U. S. cruiser. This painting is by Lt. Dwight C. Shepler, USNR, who was aboard cruiser when it was attacked off Santa Cruz Islands, Oct. 26, 1942.

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destroyers 12. But at 16:00 the crippled Allied force formed into battle lines.

The Jap too was in line for battle — eight cruisers headed by two heavies. Early salvos boomed out at 25,000 yards. *Houston* and *Exeter* struck with their guns and flame jumped from the Jap heavies. The range was favorable to the Jap, and Doorman ordered a 90-degree in-turn, closing the range to less than 20,000 yards.

Now the battle line was in full life. The roar of the guns reached a crescendo. The two Jap heavies at the front of their line seemed to pause, then flames rose as they started to stagger out of line. A huge billow of smoke rose from a Jap destroyer as she was hit. We fired three salvos to the Jap's two.

At 17:00 the tempo of the battle was still rising, the ships in their parallel lines firing and maneuvering. The Jap line had drawn a little ahead, when out from behind the last ship in his line streaked eight big destroyers, primed for torpedo attack. *Electra* and *Jupiter*, lead ships in the Allied line, swerved to meet the new attack. They rushed into the smoke screen of the destroyer charge and were never seen again.

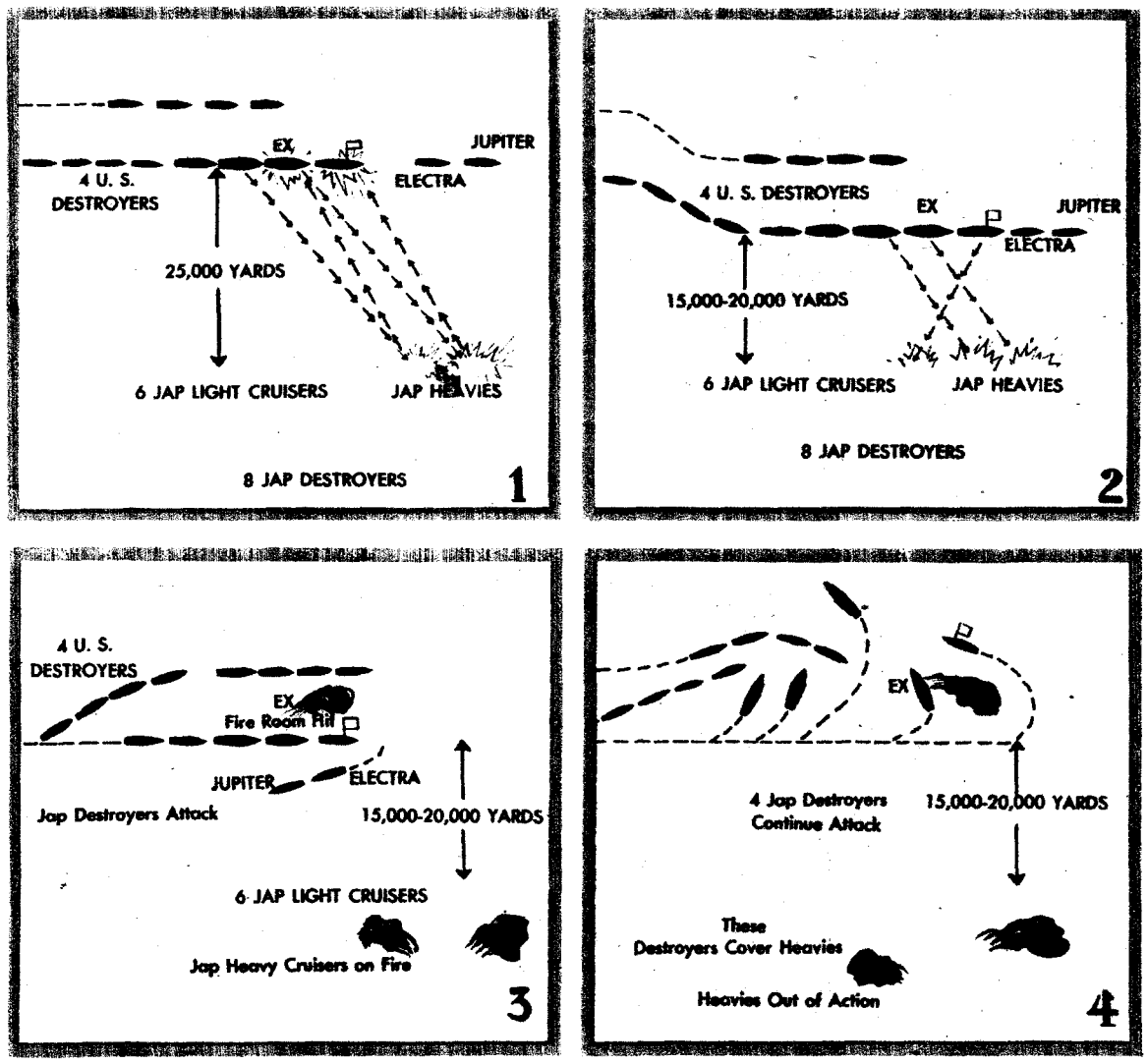
On the line *Perth* and *Java* now turned to stop the destroyer rush. One of the Jap heavies, firing her last gun as she staggered out of line, had the luck to hit *Exeter* squarely in the fire room, bursting her main line.

Now the fighting was of a different sort—defense. *Exeter* swung from line and others swung to protect her. A Dutch destroyer was hit amidships and broke in half. The Jap destroyer attack rushed in to fire a thunderous charge. One of them, then another, took a torpedo hit and broke up.

The Allied fleet started its retreat. There was no pursuit. The Jap wanted no more fighting under the bright moon that was coming up. *Exeter* headed with the American destroyers to Surabaya for fuel while the others made for the rendezvous at Priok in eastern Java.

The Dutch ships never got there; they were blown up by mines or submarines during the night. *Houston* made it but was caught with *Perth* trying to get through the Sunda Straits next day and was never heard from again. Neither was *Exeter* nor *Pope* after they tried to sneak out of Surabaya. Only a destroyer squadron ran through Bali Strait to safety.

Java was gone and the Jap position in the Indies complete. This was naval fighting in the days when too little came too late.



Battle of the Java Sea (1) opens with opposing fleets arrayed in battle lines. (2) United Nations fleet has turned in to shorten the range to its advantage; *Exeter* and *Houston* have scored hits on the two Japanese heavies. (3) The screened Jap destroyers have moved in to attack; and *Jupiter* and *Electra* turn to meet them; Jap heavies are afire and *Exeter* is hit in the fire room. (4) *Exeter* has turned away, with cruisers following to screen her.

Battle of the Coral Sea

MAY 3- 8, 1942

THE Jap was the first to make full use of the airplane carrier in surprise attack. Yet at Pearl Harbor he had not sunk a single carrier, and now our Navy was beginning to use carriers against him.

In March, carrier-based planes blasted Jap ship concentrations in the harbors of Lae and Salamaua. Then, early in May, a Jap attack armada was known to be moving from Truk, one part straight south toward the Louisiades, the other in a great southeastward loop which would enable it to pick up a transport force concentrating in Tulagi Harbor on Florida Island in the Solomons. The probable point of attack for this huge force was Port Moresby, or perhaps Australia.

An American force, the carriers *Yorktown* and *Lexington* with protecting fleet, on patrol in the Coral Sea, spotted the transport force concentrating in Tulagi, on May 3. Between the carrier force and the enemy when the scout planes first radioed lay the Island of Guadalcanal, 70 miles long, 50 miles wide, its mountains rising to peaks of 6,000 feet.

It was natural to suppose that the Jap in Tulagi would be expecting attack from carrier-based planes. But he probably would expect such an attack only from the direction of the sea. It might be possible to attack over Guadalcanal and catch him by surprise.

From this idea the Navy strategy developed. In one night it would be possible for *Lexington* to run in close to the rear of Guadalcanal and at dawn send its planes sweeping over Tulagi. *Yorktown* would protect the rear and supply any necessary reinforcements. Aboard *Lexington* everyone was at battle stations before dawn the morning of May 4 as the great ship turned into the wind to launch its planes for the 120-mile race to Tulagi.

The first attack planes zoomed off at 06:15, relays of bombers and torpedo planes shooting after. Scouts spread over every section of territory but Tulagi. The same night that hid the approach of *Lexington* might also have hidden a Jap carrier.

The scouts were back with the bombers by the time they approached Tulagi, the first rays of the sun flashing from their wings as they rushed over jungles toward the peaks of the island. Over the mountains, torpedo planes pushed noses down in a dive which took them to water level for the final 12 miles to the harbor.

They arrived there just as the bombers began their dives overhead, and to the pilots it seemed the harbor was full of naval craft. The largest transport, three cruisers and four destroyers were marked for the first attack.

The Jap got his first warning from the high-pitched roar of the first bomber dive. At the same time, torpedoes from the fanned-out torpedo planes began to leave white wakes which criss-crossed all sections of the harbor.

Huge flames licked into the air as a destroyer listed under the impact of two bombs. Torpedo explosions sent smaller craft into the air and shattered the light auxiliary vessels to splinters. A 20,000-ton troopship went down; 1,000-lb. bombs plunged into the decks of a heavy cruiser; two destroyers turned over and sank; a seaplane tender was hit but sneaked out of the harbor, trailing oil; another destroyer and a couple of supply ships went down. But still the pilots were not satisfied. They headed back for another load of bombs.

The Jap had rallied sufficiently to shoot anti-aircraft fire at the flyers who returned, and there was seaplane-fighter interference. But it was too late for the Jap to save much. Some of the planes from *Lexington* fanned out after crossing the mountains, and out at sea chased down ships that escaped the harbor. A cruiser and a transport were sneaking out just as they arrived. The planes dived and their bombs hit.

The third time only bombers came over. They found a damaged destroyer outside the harbor and sank her; then they dive-bombed the damaged ships inside. At a height of 50 feet they tore in and out, trying to find targets for the rest of the bomb load. There didn't seem to be any.

At sea one destroyer was making off under forced draft. Planes found her, systematically shot her up and left her wallowing, steam and smoke pouring from her hatches and oil pouring from ragged holes in her hull.

Back at *Lexington* they added up the score of the first round: Fourteen out of 15 Jap ships sunk or damaged. Our losses: three planes, one crew.

That night *Lexington* was far from Guadalcanal, refueling with the rest of the force. Next morning they were pushing up into the Coral Sea where army bombers had found an enemy fleet in the Louisiades. In the afternoon scouts reported a large enemy force heading south by east. The carriers turned and raced through the night.

At dawn reconaissance showed the Jap had split his force. North, toward Misima, was a force of one carrier, three cruisers and six destroyers. The *Lexington* planes found the force just as the Jap carrier was turning to the wind.

The day was May 7—five months to the day after Pearl Harbor. Every plane scored a hit on the Jap carrier, which went down in five minutes. It was the new Jap carrier, *Ryukaku*.

At night the weather turned bad. Squalls, wind, clouds swept around the carriers as word came through that there was a Jap armada only 30 miles away. This was a new force and a big one — at least two carriers, battleships and destroyers.

Lexington and *Yorktown* let go their full attack in the dawn. Through the swirling clouds and driving rain the carrier *Zuikaku* was found

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and left afire. Through other clouds her sister ship loomed up. The carrier *Shokaku* was hit with two 1,000-pounders and the torpedo planes sank five fish in her.

As these planes attacked, the Jap was concentrating on *Lexington* and *Yorktown* in great force. *Yorktown* got a bomb but repaired the damage by night. *Lexington* picked up three bombs and two torpedoes, all on the port side. Listing, she limped away, got the damage down and the fires under control. But her gasoline pipes were sprung. In the evening the fumes exploded and finished her.

Exactly what happened to the two-pronged Jap attack force no one knows. None of the fleets was found again. It is safe to say they ran for home.

Battle of Midway

JUNE 3-6, 1942

THE Jap had failed to get a foothold on Australia. Strategists reasoned that he would now strike east, at an outpost of the North American continent. Alaska became the No. 1 alert; bombers were flown to Midway; carriers came north; and Admiral Nimitz pushed patrols far out toward the Bonins and Wake.

A navy patrol found the enemy first, in the early hours of June 3. The dark speck of the first enemy column showed up in the moonlit waters west of Midway. Land based bombers thundered out to begin the attack and that afternoon punched through a screen of fighters and antiaircraft to reach the convoy and leave two ships burning. In the north a navy carrier force swung south and raced toward Midway.

Reconnaissance showed a Jap force of about 80 ships approaching Midway. The first fleet, already under attack, was a landing force—troop transports, protecting cruisers and destroyers. From the north in the afternoon came the main attack force with four carriers, battleships, cruisers and destroyers. Each force numbered about 40 ships.

Strategy was determined while our Navy raced south. Because the enemy had so many carriers it was logical to assume that he had planned to attack Midway first by air. During this time the Jap fleet would be without its chief protection. The Navy task force, then, planned to slice between the two Jap fleets and on contact send its planes in a flying leap on the Jap attacking force. Strategically, this should come at the moment the Jap Air Force raided Midway.

After sun-up, on the 4th, halyard flags reported that patrol planes had established contact. At almost the same moment word came in from Midway that the Japs were attacking there.

Now our first carrier turned into the wind to launch her attack group. Quickly the others swung around. The carriers still raced along after the planes had disappeared, men at their posts standing on the alert for planes and submarines.

Under the attack of the land-based planes, the Jap had begun his retreat and only one of the first torpedo squadrons found him. Torpedo 8 reported a force of three carriers and a whole parade of other ships. The squadron radioed its position, attacked, and no more was heard.

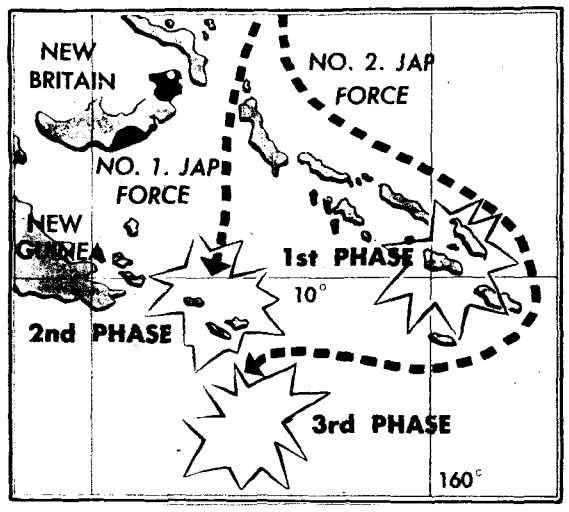
Now the planes had found the enemy and attacked. The Navy gambled on a new tactic, using its planes in do-or-die inside blows. In-fighting, it is called in the prize ring. While Army and Navy bombers overhead joined in long-range punches, Navy torpedo planes below dashed in and out at close quarters. The tactic was successful; the Jap directed all his attention to the torpedoes and the bombers above had a field day. Each of the three carriers was hit, and caught fire; two battleships were damaged, one destroyer seemed to explode.

Almost the moment the Navy planes landed on the decks, planes from the fourth Jap carrier attacked. *Yorktown* got it first. Her fighters swung upward amid flashing guns, smoke and ack-ack. The ships of the line turned and twisted. To the men on the ships it seemed that only two of the 18 attackers finally managed to get away.

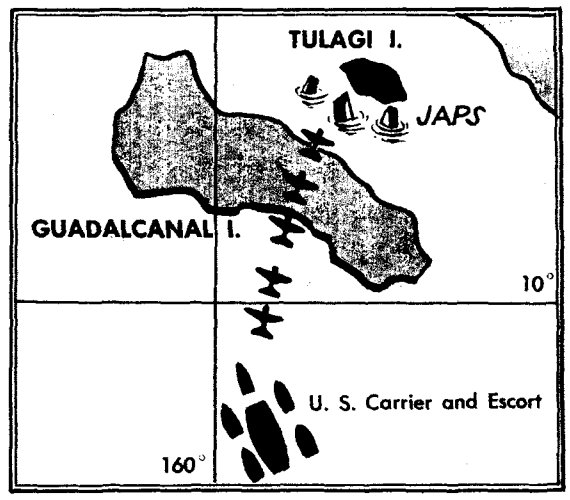
In the afternoon the fourth carrier was found, bombed and crippled; later a sub put three torpedoes in her hull. Next day, when planes searched for the three carriers first put out of action, they found only huge oil slicks on the water, with men swimming in their midst.

Reconnaissance showed the enemy forces fleeing in disorder, ripped apart and stunned after meeting a force they did not expect. In the north bad weather hid the fleeing Japs. In the waters to the south land-based army and marine planes had continued to engage the transport force and now the enemy, abandoning its cripples, formed several fleeing groups. Flying Fortresses found one group on the 5th and left a cruiser listing and turning. Rushing westward, our carriers found two more groups, one the Jap admiral's. Relays of planes shot out, attacked, scored hits. On the evening of the 6th the task force came within range of Jap land-based bombers, turned and started back.

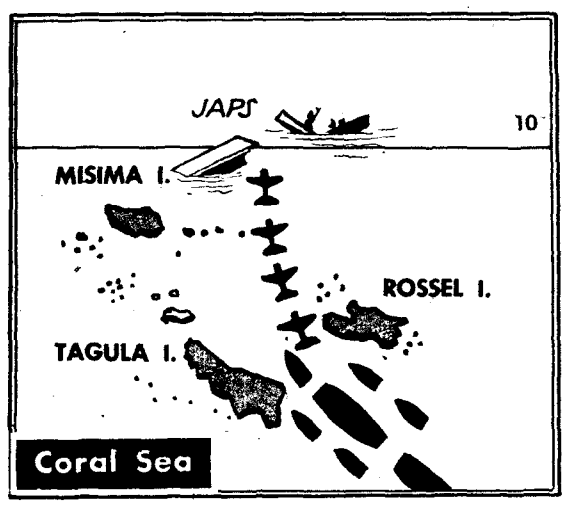
"Things began to break for us at Midway," Admiral King said later. "We began to get the breaks there." Navy losses were the carrier *Yorktown* and the destroyer *Hammann*. The Japs lost at least four carriers with at least 275 planes; three destroyers, two cruisers and one transport.



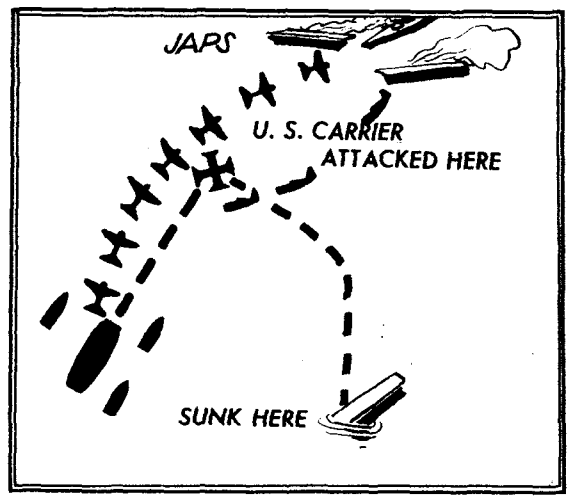
Here's how the Japs planned their attack on either Port Moresby or Australia. Two attack forces move south, one straight, one in a loop, to pick up troop transports.



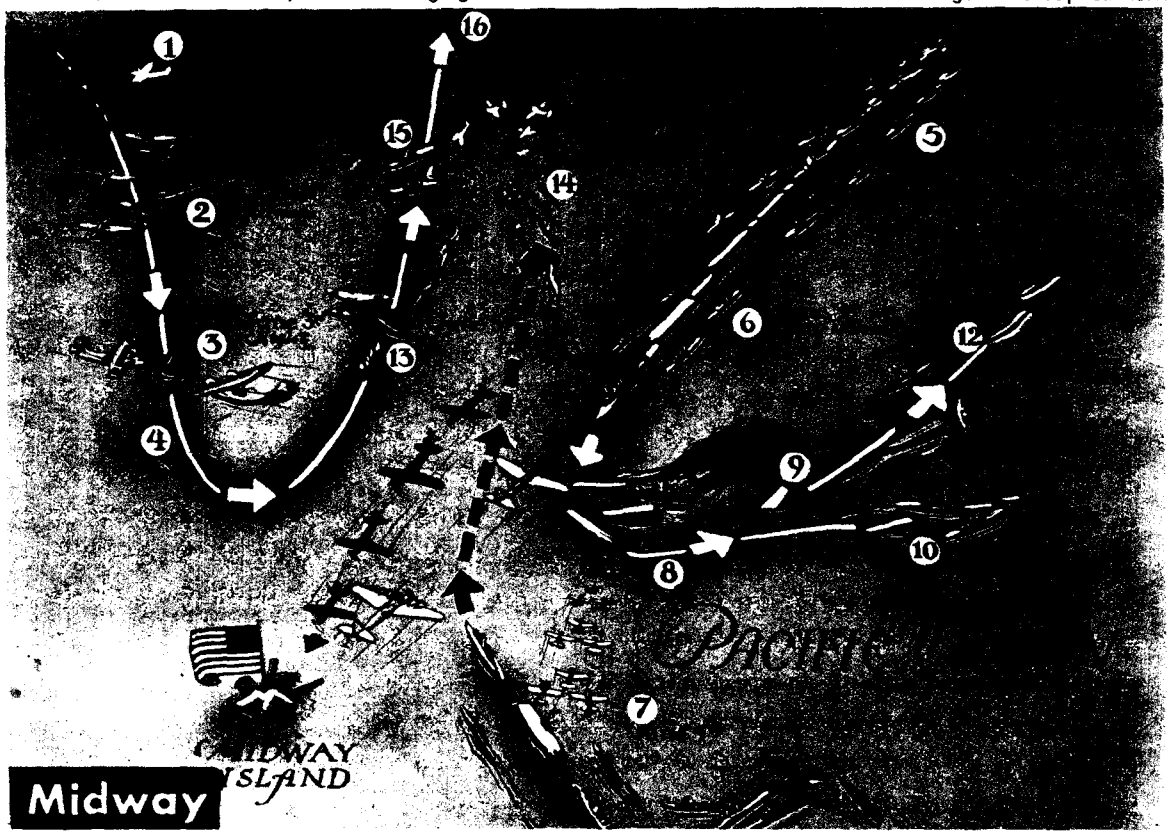
But the American carrier force found one transport force assembling in Tulagi harbor and destroyed it in a sudden attack over Guadalcanal. The U. S. force then . . .



. . . headed west and surprised part of the first Jap attack force off Misima in the Louisades, sinking the Jap carrier *Ryukaku* and a heavy cruiser. Swinging south . . .



. . . our force next day attacked the spearhead of the second Jap attack fleet. Here the U. S. carrier *Lexington* was sunk after we had damaged two Jap carriers.



(1) Jap transport fleet sighted early morning June 3. Midway-based Army, Navy, Marine planes (2, 3, 4) begin two-day attack. Strong Jap attack force (5) comes in from north. Jap planes attack Midway (6), as their fleet turns back under attack of planes from Midway. (7) Navy establishes contact and Navy planes (8) swarm over Jap fleet to damage three carriers and other ships. (9) Carrier *Soryu* left sinking. (10) Fourth Jap carrier sunk afternoon June 4. (11) Flying Fortresses from Midway attack. (12) Jap attack fleet escapes in bad weather. (13) Fleeing ships of transport fleet attacked by land based Flying Fortresses and Marine bombers. Carrier based planes attack transport fleet (14, 15, 16) and make repeated hits June 5-6.

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A WEEK OF WAR

Clicking On All Fronts

ALLIES MAKE GLOBAL ATTACKS AS SUPPLY PROBLEM CLEARS

DRAMATIC highlights of this week's war news came 1) from the middle of the great Don River basin, where the Russian Army drove forward savagely at the rate of 12 to 20 miles a day; 2) from Allied headquarters in North Africa where Gen. Henri Honore Giraud was named Admiral Darlan's successor as High Commissioner in French Africa.

Focussed in the eyes of the world as vital developments, their real significance could not be fully grasped unless they were considered in the light of the global warfare which the Allies are now waging.

As the peoples of the United Nations watched tensely, a Russian Army which had lost 500,000 square miles of Soviet land to Germany, at a reported cost to the enemy of four million men and the complement of tanks, planes, guns and supplies, was making one of the most brilliant comebacks in military history.

With the failure of Nazi forces to accomplish their objectives—Leningrad, Moscow and Stalingrad—the Russian line, after months of counter-attack, began an offensive in November that now has gained epic proportions.

Keeps German Strength in East

Importance of this offensive to the Allied cause is that more than 60 per cent of the military strength of the Reich must remain on this Eastern front. This strength is reported to be between four and five million men.

Of this number, one million men were possibly trapped between the Don and Volga Rivers.

In one of the greatest encircling movements ever attempted, the Russians made simultaneous drives southwest from Stalingrad and northwest from the Caucasus, in the Nalchik area.

Seen on a map, the encircling movement has more the appearance of a square: Nalchik at the lower right-hand corner; Stalingrad, the upper right-hand corner; Millerovo, upper left-hand corner; Novorossiisk on the Black Sea, lower left-hand corner.

The distances represented by these points, roughly, are 450 miles on the east, 350 miles on the north, 400 miles on the west, 400 miles on the south. As the Russians pound farther and farther southwest, the Nazi's communication and supply lines are being destroyed, their avenue of escape to the west practically eliminated.

Following the time-proven strategy of avoiding costly attacks on cities, the Russians by-passed important Nazi-held junctions along these lines, cut them off from communications, concentrated on destruction of the Nazi armies. By these tactics, the Russians reportedly drove to within 70 miles of Rostov, key city on the Don River and the Moscow-Rostov Railway.

With the Red Army on a great offensive, soldiers blast Germans with tommy guns outside Stalingrad.

It's the first hot meal in days for these Yanks in New Guinea, where they are driving Japs out.

Throwing back the Nazis, and approaching Kharkov, great industrial center of the Ukraine (northwest of Millerovo), to within 150 miles, the Russians reported that these moves virtually doomed the one million Nazi men thus entrapped.

They also reported the death of 106,000 enemy troops in an 11-day sustained offensive, the fifth they have sent against the Germans; the capture of enormous quantities of enemy supplies and munitions. At week's end a reinforced push also started to drive the Nazis from Stalingrad's suburbs.

Beyond Moscow to the west and northwest—in the Rzhev and Velikie Luki areas—strong Soviet offensives still prevailed.

Rout of Rommel Continues

While this bloody, 2,000-mile front dominated the scene, news from other fronts strengthened the Allied hand.

Field Marshal Rommel's Afrika Korps continued its flight along the Mediterranean coast toward Tripoli, last major Axis foothold in Libya.

With Gen. Montgomery's British Eighth Army taking the coast town of Sirte, the British were within 200 miles of Tripoli, had chased Rommel more than 230 miles beyond El Agheila. Rommel tried to protect his 45,000 German-Italian troops and 100 tanks by steady rear-guard resistance, heavy mine fields and booby traps.

Meanwhile, in Tunisia, British and American troops under Lt. Gen. Anderson made a quick thrust toward Tebourba and occupied strategic positions commanding the Medjes-El-Bab-Tebourba Road. Significance of Medjes-el-Bab is the fact that it is a junction of main highways running 35 miles northeast to Tunis, 50 miles north to Bizerte.

Of greatest importance to the fighting in North Africa, however, was the report from London that British planes and submarines had broken heavily into the Axis' trans-Mediterranean supply route. The Mediterranean, once closed to Allied shipping, last week saw British convoys pushing to Benghazi, Tobruk and Malta. Heavy Allied raids on Italian supply depots weakened Axis positions in North Africa by destroying, at the source, the Axis supply lines.

Chief threat to the Allied position in North Africa was the possibility of a Nazi drive through the Straits of Gibraltar, cutting supplies from Casablanca. With the exception of Gibraltar itself, Spain controls both sides of the straits. And it is reported that Hitler must move in this direction or forfeit his position in the whole North African area.

What Spain does in the future—or what Hitler does to Spain—will be of the utmost importance to the Allied positions in North Africa. Sometimes forgotten is the fact that it is only 16½ miles across the straits from Gibraltar to Spanish Morocco.

Jap Base at Rabaul Is Hit

Guadalcanal flashed into the news again with a report of great importance. Flying Fortresses carried out a successful raid on enemy shipping at the great Jap-held base of Rabaul, New Britain. Winging 560 miles northwest from Henderson Field, the Fortresses blasted objectives which heretofore had been attacked only by Gen. MacArthur's command. Hitherto, planes based on Guadalcanal have never been reported beyond the Solomons area.

This indication of greatly expanded American air power in the Solomons, plus the "holding offensive" power of the American jungle fighters in New Guinea, all pointed in the same direction —the slow but steady dislodgement of the Japanese sea-line anchor in the South Pacific.

On the Burma front, the British, while blasting Jap-held air bases, pushed slowly but steadily southward toward enemy-held Akyab.

Gen. Giraud, As Darlan's Successor, Expected To Weld French Forces

CLIMAXING a life of adventure and heroic service to his country, Gen. Henri Honore Giraud, succeeding the late Admiral Jean Darlan as High Commissioner in French Africa, is expected to bring together French political elements into a compact fighting force. Admiral Darlan was assassinated by a young Frenchman of Italian descent on Christmas Eve, and with his death ended one of the strangest and most violent debates of the war. Both Fighting French forces and Darlan followers support Gen. Giraud. He is also popular with the British.

GEN. GIRAUD

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CAN YOU TOP THIS?

Yank Bombers in 7-Day Raid Over China Knock Off 24 Zeros, Blast 10,000 Jap Troops, Smash Docks and Airports, Rain Ruin On 4 Cities—All Without Loss

"Shipping was the main objective and shore installations the secondary target."

By SGT. JOHN T. BARNES
YANK's China Correspondent

SOMEWHERE IN CHINA—Col. Herbert Morgan's bomb unit, attached to the China Air Task Force, has a record unparalleled in any war, considering the size of the organization and the equipment at hand.

Late one morning, it moved out on a South China airfield, bent on giving the Japs a pasting—the first since the Hong Kong debacle.

No time was wasted. They refueled and were off to hammer the Japanese-held port of Hongay, one of the largest coal-loading stations in French Indo-China and a vital source of fuel to the Nips. I was with Capt. Everett Holstrom, of Tacoma, Wash., a veteran air commander. Another old-timer on the crew was T/Sgt. Adam R. Williams of Morgantown, W. Va., engineer and top gunner on *Tokyo Joe*, as the crew had named the ship. The rest of the crew was made up of Lt. L. J. Murphy, of Silver City, N. Mex., co-pilot; Lt. C. J. Clarino, of Rutland, Vt., navigator; Lt. R. E. Davis, of Savannah, Ga., bombardier; Sgt. J. L. Gould, of San Francisco, California, radioman and lower gunner, and yours truly.

Jap Shipping Blasted

Shipping was the main objective and shore installations the secondary target, but there was no need to worry about secondary targets. The shipping was there when we came, but battered when we left.

Two large freighters were in the river. The first flight took the one that was well out, and direct hits accounted for the loss of 15,000 additional tons of Jap Merchant Marine. The second flight scored several near misses on the other ship and did severe damage to the docks where it was moored. The third flight continued down the river to Haiphong and left fires raging on the docks and in the hearts of the Nipponese officials. The only enemy action was a little antiaircraft fire that fell far short of its target.

Two Airfields Battered

The following day we hit twice, both times airfields. The one at Sanchau Island was battered in the early morning and the other, White Cloud, during the afternoon. Both raids caught the Japs with their pants in a lowered position, and no opposition was encountered. The two quick thrusts left smouldering hangars, blasted runways and shattered Jap aircraft. In each raid at least 10 Jap planes were destroyed on the ground.

Next day, we took a whack at the shipping in the river between Canton and Hong Kong, and again we left a large ship aflame and sinking rapidly, another badly damaged. The bombers turned for home still unscarred.

We changed our base next day and hit to the north in the Hankow area. This time we were out for troop concentrations. We were still taking the enemy unawares and finding little opposition except scattered antiaircraft fire. The Jap Infantry had moved into Sienning and we moved a large portion of them out again permanently.

Ninety per cent of the bombs dropped fell inside the walls of the crowded little city that was said to house 10,000 Jap troops. What didn't fall in the city hit a troop train in the process of unloading just outside town. Chinese intelligence reported gigantic casualties both inside the city walls and on the train.

In the afternoon we were Yochow-bound with the same targets in mind. Once more the Japanese Infantry bore the brunt of our attack when part of the bomb load floated into Jap ammunition dumps and gasoline storage areas. Tremendous fires raged in the already blasted city. On this raid we encountered the heaviest antiaircraft fire yet, but our luck held out and we got off again.

A day later, we were off again, back to old stamping grounds, the Canton area. On this trip we were after the Whampoa section's shipping and storage areas. After the hammering we had been giving them in the Canton area it was too much to hope that again we would meet no opposition, so we went prepared for the worst. We had a greatly enlarged pursuit escort personally commanded by Col. Robert Scott, CO of the fighters in the CATF. It was a good thing that we did have them; we ran into some opposition but not enough to hurt us.

He Joins Another Crew

I had shifted over to the crew of the *Jap Nitemare* for this raid, and what a gang. The crew was made up of Lt. E. L. Tarbox, of Higgins, Tex., pilot; Lt. Mason O. Brown, of Caldwell, Idaho, co-pilot; Lt. C. H. Dearth, of Sidney, Ohio, bombardier; Lt. J. F. Dockmiller, Syracuse, N. Y., navigator; Sgt. Karl May, of Yakima, Wash., top-turret gunner, and Sgt. P. N. Boudreaux, radio man and lower gunner. That's the way they were listed on the squadron roster but on the interphone in their plane they were the Chief, Moe, Sad Sack, Duckwilling, Nub and Patrick, in the order previously named.

As we went in for our run we could see a swarm of Jap planes coming up to meet us but the bomber code says: "Make the run first and worry about the enemy fighters later." So in we went. The first element took a freighter that was offshore with a myriad of lighters working around it. When the bombs hit, the freighter was completely hidden in a dense cloud of smoke and

THE WAY OF A WORM

"Ach, I should have looked at them two years ago," said Adolf Hitler as he took down two dusty old volumes of "Napoleon's Russian Campaign." Then he winced when he saw they were bound in morocco.

Sure enough, the condition of the books showed that they hadn't been touched for about 30 years. In fact, a worm had eaten its way from page 1 of Volume I to the last page of Volume II.

"More sabotage!" groaned Hitler. "I'll have to take reprisal measures, as soon as I calculate the extent of the damage."

Now—each book was exactly 1½ inches thick, not counting the covers, and each cover was exactly one-eighth of an inch thick.

How much space had the worm eaten through?

(Solution on Page 23.)

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flame. About 50 of the small boats alongside sank or capsized from the concussion. The next element took a second freighter as its target, and several hits and near misses quickly put it out of commission and spread havoc among the small craft around it. The third flight unloaded on the docks and installations, and left roaring fires testifying to its accuracy.

With the bombs away we turned and streaked for home, but the Jap fighters were within range and we had to run a gauntlet of fire. About 20 Jap planes had come from the airports around Canton and another dozen or so were waiting for us.

With as formidable a force as that it looked like destruction was in the air and it was—for the Japs. As we roared away Col. Scott and his peashooters swarmed to the attack. In a running 50-mile fight the gunners on the bombers had two confirmed and two probables. Our total losses for the trip were the same as the name of the best Jap fighter—Zero.

Twenty-four confirmed and six probables against no losses is a pretty good score in any league.

The next morning the bombers temporarily closed their onslaught on the Japs by taking one more crack at Hongay, the first objective of this series of missions. This time they took as their target the coal piles and the power plant that furnishes the juice to work the coal operations. When the bombers were gone, incendiaries had made a roaring inferno of the Japs' coal supply and the demolition had reduced the power plant to rubble.

It's gonna be a long, cold Winter for the Nipponese hordes if they were depending on Hongay for fuel, and it's a cinch they were.

It looks as bad as tight-rope walking, but New Guinea natives carry U. S. Army supplies easily.

Yanks at Home and Abroad

OUR MEN REPORT ON THE STATE OF THE WORLD ON MATTERS RANGING FROM G.I. REUNION TO WILD DOGS IN AFRICA

Open Letter to a Papuan Carrier From Grateful Yanks in New Guinea

SOMEWHERE IN NEW GUINEA.

Dear Fuzzy-Wuzzy:

From the tough north side of the Owen Stanley Range, I and my buddies send you our deepest thanks. Thanks to you and your buddies for the tremendous help you've been to us in kicking the Japs out of your backyard.

You were a pretty peaceful lot before the Japs moved in and turned your country into a bloody battlefield. You were used to the ceaseless noises of the jungle, but not the noises of whining bullets and screeching, roaring bombs.

You'd seen a few white men—missionaries—who'd come to your out-of-the-way villages to teach you about God. They'd taught you to call your children Joe or John or some other such outlandish name. But you'd never seen white men—so many of them—bent on the destruction and death the missionaries taught you to abhor.

Your lives are changed today. Sure, it's your land, and you'd have been crazy to sit around as spectators while the Japs sneaked in and overran it. But it wasn't your kind of fighting. You haven't got the tools and you wouldn't understand them if you had them.

Some of you, to be sure, know some English, and you've been made police boys and corporals and sergeants of your own gangs. You haven't any guns, tanks, planes or any of the other things that go to make up the weapons of a modern war—but you do have the best damned legs and backs we ever saw.

It hasn't been too easy for you, either. Many of you have left your homes, to follow us down the long jungle trails. By our standards, your homes don't look like much—just a bunch of huts on stilts with a wild pig or two sniffing around. But we know they keep the rain off, because we've slept in them—and we know what it's like to leave home. We did it, too.

You've walked 25 miles a day for days on end, carrying average weights of 40 pounds a man. You've climbed up and down steep hills, plowed through rivers and swamps, trudged through sand that tore at your legs.

We marvel at you. You've kept us going in our fight when without you we might have been starved or licked. You've brought up our rations when we were hungry; you've brought up our ammunition when we ran low.

You've guided us through the bewildering jungle so we wouldn't get lost, and you've brought us information about the enemy we couldn't have obtained from anyone else. You've climbed palm trees and knocked down fresh cocoanuts brimming with cool juice when we were thirsty.

You've carried our wounded back when they had to be evacuated, moving swiftly, quietly and gently down the trail to the field hospital.

You've been bombed, strafed and wounded yourselves—but you stuck with us. You crossed the mountains with us. You stayed with our columns for two long months, eating your rice, sleeping on your kunai grass mats, chewing your strong tobacco sticks and singing your strange chants. When we were up at the front, there you were, too.

One observer thought it strange a few days ago when we saw an American general stop beside a couple of you sitting in a slit trench. He gave you two of his cigarettes, and then bent down and held a match for you.

The rest of us didn't think this was strange, though. We knew you deserved it.

SGT. E. J. KAHN JR.
YANK FIELD CORRESPONDENT.

You Can't Keep the Duffeys Apart, Even In a South Pacific Battle Zone

SOMEWHERE IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC—When a guy is 10,000 miles from home and in a combat zone, the last person in the world he expects to get a telephone call from is the kid sister he left back in the States.

Yet that's exactly what happened to Sgt. Lawrence Duffey, of Worcester, Mass. He stood, dumbfounded, as his sister informed him blithely that she'd be out to see him in just a few minutes—for all the world like somebody back home calling to say they're going to pay a Sunday afternoon visit.

But this was just the beginning of the strangest of strange coincidences that brought together Sgt. Duffey and his sister, 2nd Lt. Margaret Duffey, ANC.

Said Sgt. Duffey, "Sis, I've been cursing to myself all day for having to stay in tonight. Yet if I hadn't been confined for missing the morning roll call, I might not have seen you. You know, we're pulling out tomorrow."

Said Lt. Duffey, "If a Hartford lieutenant, named Hammond, hadn't come aboard our ship to see if there were any Connecticut nurses in our group, I wouldn't have learned that your unit was stationed here. All the other nurses had to stay on board ship but I got permission to get off to find you."

Sgt. Duffey is a member of a finance section. Prior to coming into the Army, he was employed by the Life Assurance Company, Worcester, Mass.

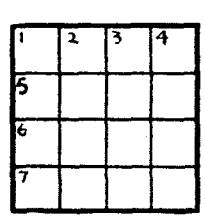
Lt. Duffey had been on private duty in Hartford, Conn., when, as a member of the Yale Unit, famous volunteer group of reserve nurses, she was inducted into the Army at Camp Edwards, Mass., last August.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Duffey of Putnam, Conn., will soon learn of this dramatic overseas meeting of their only offspring.

SGT. ARTHUR BARSCHDORF
YANK FIELD CORRESPONDENT

CRASS-WORDS PUZZLE

"Crass," says Webster, means "very stupid." But before you jump to any conclusion, try to solve this puzzle. Then, when you are ready to give up, look at the solution on page 23.



ACROSS

1. Particular kind
5. To pound the keys
6. Actor fitted only for one sort of role.
7. Characters used by printers.

DOWN

1. Tantalize
2. Smart, shrewd
3. China berries
4. Military opposite of "attention."

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Yanks at Home and Abroad

Men Wait for Planes in South And Do a Little Drill on the Side

SOMEWHERE IN SOUTH—A hotel taken over by the Army has no floor shows, room service or bellhops, and the few luxuries left over from its civilian existence are simply lucky dividends.

One hotel here is the baby of the Air Transport Command. It's the last U.S. home that many men have before they climb into a transport for foreign service. It's a kind of transient depot and it has all the business and occasional confusion of a railroad station. Here Air Force personnel, infantrymen, Signal Corps specialists and Army postal clerks sweat out their wait for overseas transportation.

The hotel used to be a health resort and still has an aura about it of shredded breakfast foods and high colonics. But the Army, as you might expect, continues to put its faith in calisthenics as far as health is concerned.

The enlisted man's day at the hotel opens with a roll call at 8 o'clock, a very reasonable hour. The men rise from cots set up in the old hotel rooms and in dormitories on the ground floor. The rooms have been stripped of curtains and such civilian nonsense and rather resemble the NCO rooms in an ordinary barracks. The lobby (known as the day room) has been similarly redecorated or undecorated.

Roll call over, the men police up their quarters and grab breakfast, if they haven't had the foresight to grab it before. They then repair to an hour of calisthenics. The calisthenics devised by the Air Force are to ordinary Army calisthenics as pro football is to hop scotch. The men jump and writhe and stretch and twist. The prize routine is a number known as the Randolph Hop, a coordination exercise so strenuous that it would leave the average chorus girl limp and gasping.

Calisthenics are followed by a four- or five-mile hike, without packs and quite mild as hikes go. The curse of marching is alleviated by the points of interest, such as a large racetrack. Yardbirds who are railbirds at heart think nothing of double-timing the route to be rewarded by a peek at Whirlaway.

Afternoons are partially devoted to Commando tactics. The officers are touchy about their charges and go to great lengths to see that they don't wither and become soft under their care.

There is another roll call at 5 P.M. If a man attends this without finding himself tapped for a sudden exodus from U. S. soil, the rest of the evening is his own. He may go back to his room and enjoy the non-G.I. splendor of a hot tub. He may read any one of a number of books from the hotel library. Travel books, quite reasonably, are favorites. He may sleep, which is a very popular pastime. He may sign out and visit the main stem, which is equally the property of the AAF. He can stick around and go to the PX in back of the hotel.

The PX is not the worst idea. "I like to make the most of it," a staff sergeant pilot from Omaha said. "It's not every day you hit a PX where the beer isn't 3.2."

SGT. AL HINE
YANK CORRESPONDENT

If a Mon's a Bit Tight Wi' Slugs He Can Get 3 MEs on One Trip

CAIRO—Lyman Middleditch Jr., who leads U. S. fighter pilots in this theater with four Messerschmidt 109s bagged, figures plain old Yankee thrift with bullets is responsible for his success.

He holds his fire until he's sure of his target, then lets fly with the works. Such conservation of ammunition enabled him to knock down three Axis planes in one sortie.

"The least push of the gun button will bring down any plane if the guns point in the right direction," he says. "It's a waste to shoot more bullets when the extras could get you another plane."

The day he hit his three-plane jackpot, Middleditch and his squadron were flying top cover for a squadron of fighter-bombers.

"As we neared the target the sky was full of MEs, probably from Crete," he said. "Under the MEs were a score or more of Italians and below them as many Stuka dive bombers. Then I saw six MEs coming in on my side of the formation. Two ships came at me, so I gave them a burst. The leader took a quick climb, rolled backwards and dove to the ground. When I tried for the second one things really started happening.

"I had plenty of altitude, but I was going too fast to nail him in the tail. To protect myself from above I kept on diving with four MEs following. Every time I tried to pull out I could see those 20-mm cannon bursts around me. Then I saw the first ship I had winged hit the ground. By that time I was over the sea with the Nazis still trailing. One of them came too close and I lefted the nose and gave him a light burst. He kept right on going into the surf.

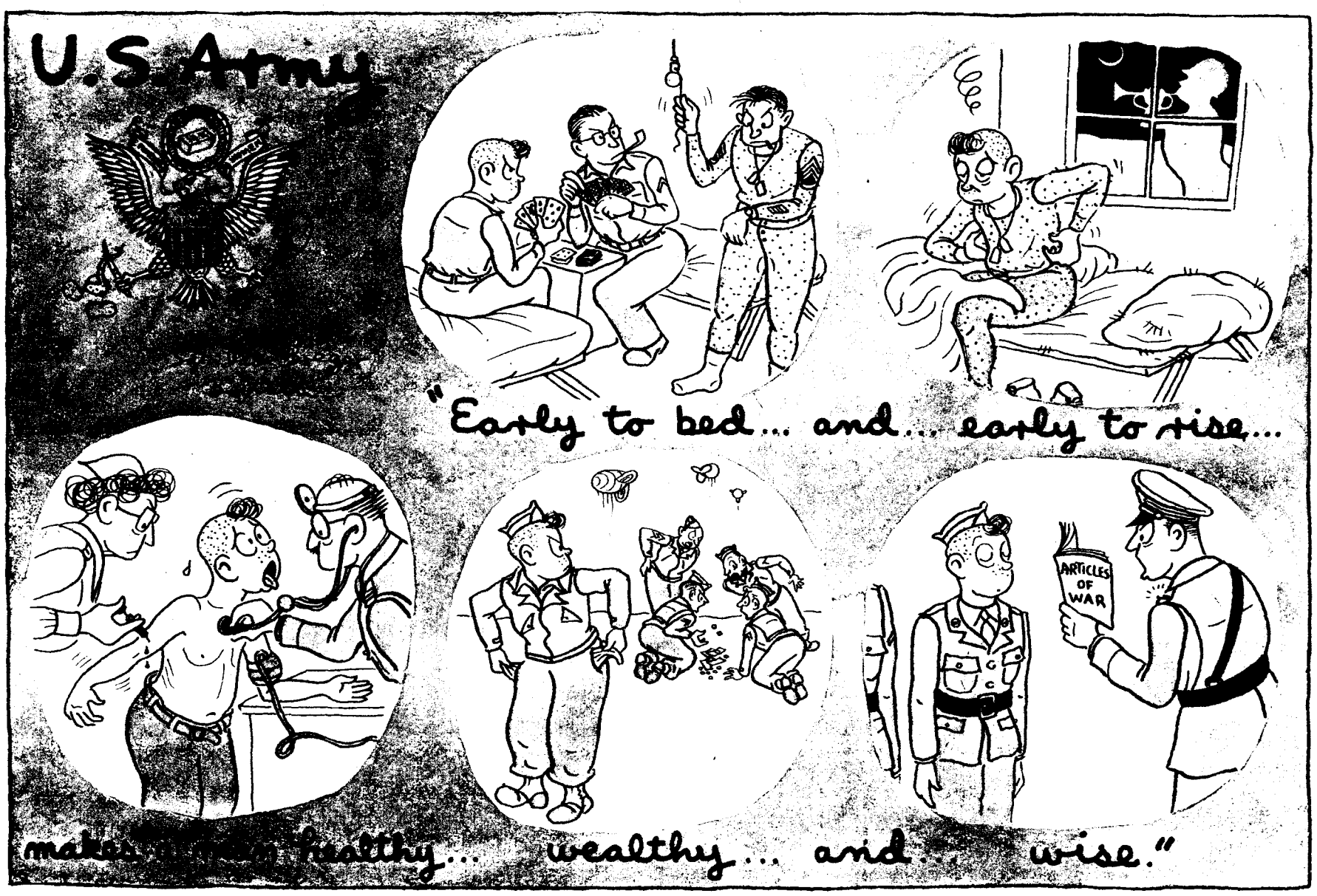
"The next plane overshot me and kept on going, leaving two still on my trail. The first came in close and exposed his belly for a second. I raked his undersides with bullets and he spun into the sea. The other fellow was still some distance away and I gave him a burst at 600 yards. When he saw I still had some ammunition left he scrammed. Then I rejoined our other ships."

The Black Scorpion Squadron, to which Middleditch belongs, shot down 20 Axis fighters in the first five days of its offensive with the loss of two planes. Middleditch hardly looks like an ace. He is slender, 27, five feet 10, inclined to be shy. He was a printer's devil in his father's New York print shop until the war came along. He had been trying to get into the Army Air Forces for three years, but had to get his blood pressure down first.

YANK FIELD CORRESPONDENT

G.I. Joe

by Sgt. Dave Breger



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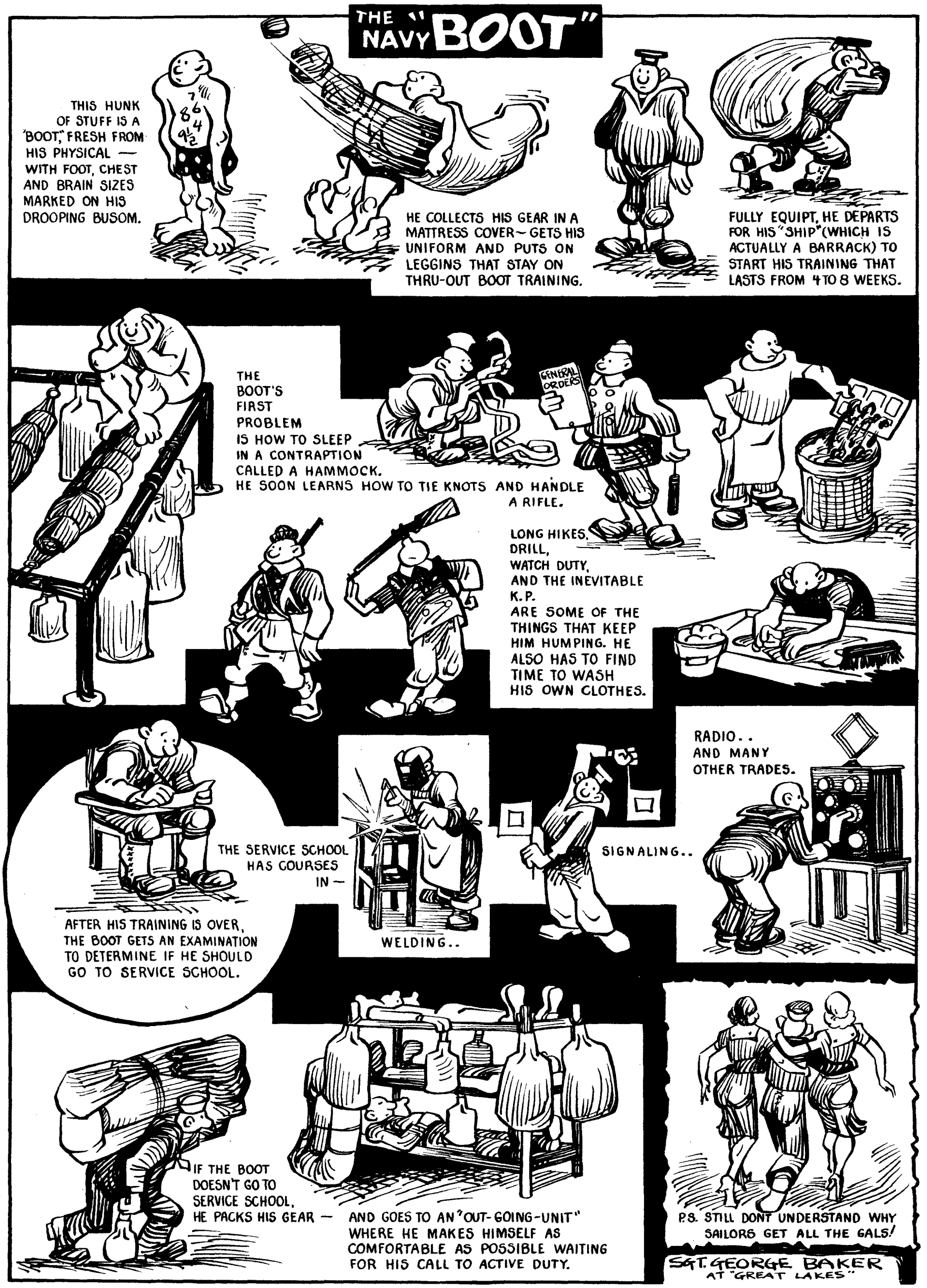
THE "NAVY BOOT"



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NEWS FROM HOME

Skimming the Week on the Home Front

While saying that there could be no real "Merry Christmas" during participation of American soldiers in actual combat, President Roosevelt broadcast to the world his belief that the Yuletide was happier than last year because "the forces of darkness stand against us with less confidence in the success of their evil ways."

In a six-to-two decision, the Supreme Court ruled that Nevada divorces must be recognized by other states. . . . Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins reported that the scheduled work week in war industries rose to about 48 hours in October. . . . The national income in 1942 exceeded 117 billion dollars—more than doubled since the bottom of the depression.

Emily Post okayed hitch-hiking by women war workers. . . . Bernard T. Baruch gave one million dollars in War Bonds to a dozen war-relief and charitable organizations. . . . Attorney General Francis Biddle ordered the FBI to turn over to the Treasury $174,588 seized in the arrest of eight Nazi saboteurs.

A smallpox epidemic broke out among the Amish farm people near Lewistown, Pa. More than 20 adults, who had never been vaccinated, got the disease after a wedding attended by 250 members of the sect. . . . At Aliquippa, Pa. 50 tons of rock and earth, loosened by thaw and steady rain, tumbled from a 100-foot cliff and crushed a bus loaded with defense workers, killing 26 persons.

A Harvard astronomer discovered a new comet hurtling toward the earth at 25 miles a second. Its closest approach will be just under 40 million miles. . . . In a Chicago gutter a milkman discovered the body of Robert E. McLaughlin, who as president of the Checker Cab Company had in the '20s ridden out one of Chicago's bloodiest taxi wars. His overcoat had been pulled over his head, which contained three bullet holes.

What Price War

WASHINGTON—In the U. S. fiscal year that starts next July 1, this country will spend on the war alone, 100 billion dollars of the nation's total income of 135 billion dollars. Compared to this figure Japan is spending 5 billion a year on the war; the British Empire, 20 billions; Germany, 30 billions.

Canned Foods Rationing Set to Meet Army Needs

WASHINGTON—Rationing of virtually all canned, dried and frozen fruits and vegetables will begin early in February, Food Administrator Claude R. Wickard announced. Mr. Wickard said that military requirements, which now take one third of the nation's food supply, will take one half in 1943, therefore more rationing is necessary.

On the average, 33 pounds of these canned, frozen or dried fruits and vegetables are expected to be available to each civilian in 1943, compared with an average of about 46 pounds a year from 1937 to 1941.

More than 200 items will be rationed after a temporary freeze of retail sales. Meanwhile people were asked not to hoard stocks now on grocers' shelves. To obtain a ration book, a declaration of foods now on hand will be required, and excess stocks will be deducted from each individual's ration allowance.

People Back Home—

ARIZONA

Eighteen Arizona Highway Department officials were cited for alleged illegal election activity. Gov. Osborn threatened legal action to clean up prostitution in Phoenix. Commissioner Thad Moore and Commissioner-elect Joe Hunt fired 16 employees of the Arizona Tax Commission, including Lillian Swisher, secretary, and Lloyd Wixon, sales tax director. Erskine Caldwell, "Tobacco Road" author, married June Johnson, of Phoenix.

CALIFORNIA

At Los Angeles, Mrs. Norma Brill, model, won a long court fight to have Leon Raab, attorney, declared the father of her 3-year-old daughter. At San Francisco, Heinrich Roedel, former Nazi storm trooper, was sentenced to 30 years for attempted sabotage. At San Francisco, bandits robbed Jack Kyne, head cashier at Bay Meadows Race Track, of $2,500. At Sacramento, the Secretary of State announced the Townsend Party will not be listed on future ballots because it didn't get enough votes in November.

COLORADO

At Denver, Otis Edwin Gardner strode into the office of his superior in the U. S. Public Roads Administration, brandishing a gun, and demanded a raise. The next morning he devoted to sharpening a long knife. The FBI took over then.

CONNECTICUT

At New Haven, the Connecticut Co. put trolleys in operation over abandoned track in Whitney Avenue and Chapel Street to accommodate gasless commuters. At Hartford, Gov. Hurley burned $3,377,000 worth of state bonds, retired with the surplus for the fiscal year. At Hartford, an eight-family apartment house was destroyed by fire. At Guilford, Medical Examiner Dewitt Smith said 5-months-old Lawrence Jackson died from pneumonia in an auto stranded without gas, adding that the child was hopelessly ill.

FLORIDA

At Miami, a Catholic priest endorsed the divorce suit of Mrs. Isobel Hess Tashiro, married to a Jap for six years. At Palm Beach, Byron D. Chandler, one-time Broadway playboy, killed himself.

GEORGIA

At Newton, Maj. Trammell Scott, former Southern Baseball Association president, killed himself on a hunting trip. At Atlanta, Mrs. Joel Hurt Sr., 87, civic leader, died. At Atlanta, the Georgia Ex-Slave Association met, with members from 80 to 105 years old attending. At Savannah, the FBI arrested John Christopher Abele, sought in connection with four-year-old eastern bank robberies.

IDAHO

At Boise, the Idaho Pardon Board refused to release Duncan M. Johnson, former Twin Falls mayor, after Johnson "walked away" from the State Penitentiary and returned the next morning.

ILLINOIS

At Peoria, four children of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Robison burned to death when fire destroyed their home. At Chicago, the fourth set of twins were born to Mr. and Mrs. Loren E. Hoff. Roger Touhy and Basil Banghart, fugitive gangsters, were blamed for the seizure of an armored money truck containing $20,000 outside the Buick airplane motor plant near Melrose Park. Walter P. Murphy, president of the Standard Railroad Equipment Manufacturing Company, died. Three women and a man were killed when they jumped from the burning West Hotel at Halsted and Madison streets: damage totalled $125,000. At Eldorado, police sought to identify the body of a woman found in an abandoned mine shaft. At Chicago, Patrick Metegrano was freed after serving 10 months of a one year-to-life sentence for a crime he didn't commit; three other men recently confessed. Miss Charlotte Carr, director of Hull House, resigned because the Board of Directors "felt Hull House and its officers had no right to take part in political campaigns."

INDIANA

At Indianapolis, Walker Winslow, first World War flyer, is new superintendent of the Municipal Airport. At Aurora, fire caused $40,000 damage at the Charles Marsh bowling center. At Bloomington, Herman S. Bowman, limestone executive, died. At Bloomfield, Joe Gilmore, 28, killed his estranged wife and himself. At Columbia City, the Pennsylvania R.R. train "Manhattan" collided with a freight, killing Engineer Clarence Drivelbiss and Fireman M. M. Million, both of Ft. Wayne. At Connersville, Rev. Howard Kipp of Boonville, will succeed Rev. George S. Taggart as pastor of First Presbyterian Church. At Logansport, Rev. True S. Haddock, pastor of the Market Street Methodist Church, died. At Loogootee, William A. Walker, Martin County commissioner, was killed by a truck. At Huntington, 13 men were jailed for stealing 500 gallons of gas and five gallons of oil. At Peru, a house burned with $7,000 damage. At Seymour, Charles Burkett won a recount suit for mayor from Stanley Switzer, incumbent. At Indianapolis, retiring city Democratic officials gave a dinner for Republican officials-elect. Rev. E. Howard Cadle, 58, died, and funeral services were held in the huge tabernacle he built in Indianapolis. At LaFayette, the auto of John Frank DeWitt, 16, crashed head-on into a locomotive. DeWitt crawled out, uninjured but dazed—and then drowned when he staggered into the Wabash River.

IOWA

At Creston, volunteer fire warden Charles Graby, 61, was killed by a police car driven by Officer William Danner. Four Sioux City blackout violators were fined. Fire destroyed the Indianola RECORD AND TRIBUNE *Building. At Montgomery, the Rock Island depot, grain elevator and coal yard burned. Farragut's postmaster Pauline Kraschel joined the WAACs. Twenty-six per cent of Black Hawk County's lawyers are in the armed services. At Burlington, the Elks Club served horse meat. At Des Moines, a night telegrapher, Robert Kuhl, prevented the wreck of an Illinois Central train by placing a lantern on the track one minute before the train appeared.*

KENTUCKY

A "fair price" was assured Kentucky hemp growers by Stanley Johnson, Henderson, secretary of the hemp growers association. At Frankfort, Tri-City Utilities asked an injunction against an ordered 22.3 per cent cut in Frankfort electric rates. The U. S. Dept. of Agriculture announced that burley quotas will assure each company buying tobacco of the same share bought in other years. Maj. Gen. Lewis B. Hershey said, "Tobacco is a crop which was supposed to have been included in the first list of essential farm products, and was inadvertently omitted." At Louisville, Dr. John D. Freeman, editor of a Baptist publication, said Baptists will go to jail rather than pay the Victory tax on ministers' salaries, which would be paid by the congregation and deducted from the preacher's salary, because the tax violates the "rigid Baptist tenet of the separation of church and state."

LOUISIANA

Easton High School of New Orleans beat the Jennings Bulldogs, 6-0, winning the state high-school football championship. Twenty thousand persons began to trap Louisiana's annual haul of 6,000,000 pelts. At Baton Rouge, Gov. Jones said a civilian levee patrol is being formed at the request of Brig. Gen. Max Tyler, of Vicksburg, Miss., president of the Mississippi River Commission. At Morgan City, a volunteer fire department has been organized with O. E. Christy as president. Louisiana has harvested its greatest sugar crop, and grinding operations are ending at Greenwood, Leighton, Laurel Grove, Raceland, Mathews Postoffice, and Lockport.

MAINE

Edward C. Moran Jr. resigned as OPA director. Candidates for speaker of the House of Representatives are Cleveland Speaker Jr. of Rockland; F. Ardine Richardson, Strong, and W. Mayo Payson, Portland. Candidates for Senate speaker are Horace A. Hildreth, of Cumberland; Francis Ford, Skowhegan; Ralph W. Farris, Augusta; Albert B. Elliott, Thomaston, and Robert Dow, Norway.

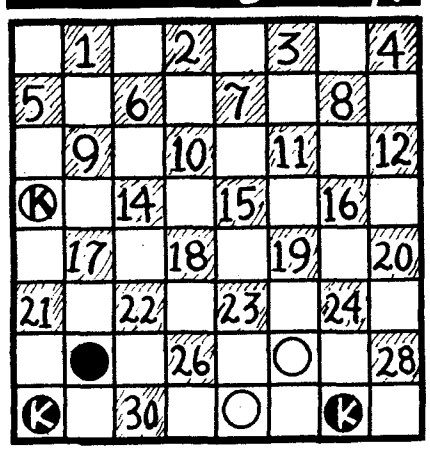
MARYLAND

At Baltimore, street-car and bus service was interrupted by a one-day AFL strike. High-school students may soon spend half their time in school, half at work in stores. Baltimore's principal diaper service cut allotments to 12 per baby per day. At Baltimore, St. Paul's Evangelical Lutheran and Hampden Methodist Churches celebrated 75th anniversaries, the latter by burning the church mortgage. The club Star Dust, on West Baltimore Street, was condemned, its liquor license suspended, after a safety inspection. The Havre de Grace bridge, which earned $955,000 on a $700 investment in 23 years, is being scrapped. William T. (Kibby) Schmitz, chief committee clerk of the Baltimore City Council, was charged with selling liquor to minors at his night club on Poplar Grove Street.

MASSACHUSETTS

At New Bedford, Arthur W. Harriman, first a candidate 28 years ago, de-

Checkerboard Strategy



RED TO MOVE AND WIN

Look at this end-game position. You are playing the Reds. Black has just moved his King from square 28 to square 32, attacking your checker on square 27.

What do you do in reply? The chances are that you quickly move your vulnerable checker away (to square 23 or 24). OK—but that leads to no better than a draw. Why give Black a draw, when you can easily WIN by correct play?

See if you can demonstrate a forced win for Red. Time limit: 30 minutes of study. If you can't find it by then, you'll find the solution on page 23. But first number the playing squares of your checkerboard from 1 to 32 as shown. In this way, you can follow the work-out.

★ GENERAL MIXUP ★

Join the Navy and see the world! But we challenge any sailor, who thinks he really knows his geography, to locate these islands:

The Islands of Langerhans.*

The Island of Reil.†

Don't try too hard, because the answer is printed right at the bottom of this puzzle. Instead, get right to work on the General Mixups below.

Here we have scrambled the names of 10 bodies of water, all prominent in this war. See if you can unscramble all of them

Example: SLAB CAKE is a mixup version of the spelling of BLACK SEA.

1. USA IN HOT CHASE
2. AREA NEAR TIME'S END
3. I FLUNG SPEAR
4. ICE ACT, NO CAR
5. SOLAR ACE
6. THOSE RAN
7. ICE, A BLAST
8. DIN IN A CANOE
9. NICE CANAL, TO A "T"
10. A NICE COIF, CAP!

*The Islands of Langerhans are certain cells in the pancreas of the human body.
†The Island of Reil is a part of the brain. And let's not forget the alimentary canal

(Solution on Page 23)

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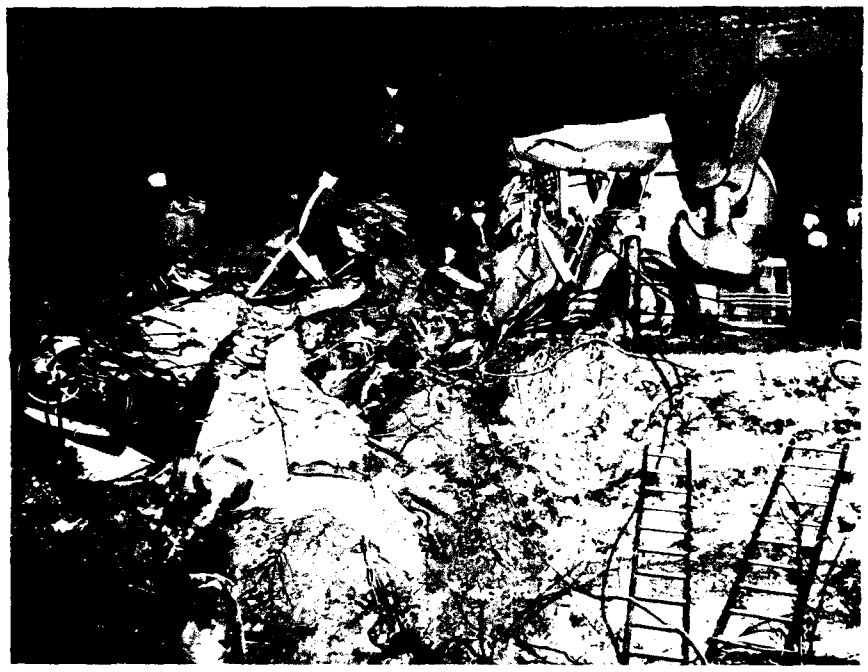


After a landslide crushed a bus near Aliquippa, Pa., killing 26 persons.

eated Matthew A. Glynn, incumbent, or mayor. Mayor Joseph O'Keefe was lected for a third term at Peabody, layor Daniel E. McLean became Bevrly's first third-term mayor, and Alexnder C. Murray won a fifth term at all River. At Hyannis, Rev. Mortimer Downing, 79, pastor of St. Francis Xavier Church, died. The Lawrence ire Department received from the J. S. government a 750-gallon pumper. Farmouth Board of Selectmen named larry M. Robinson auditor and Allen I. Knoles, town clerk, town accounting fficer. At Boston, the State Public Iealth Department is investigating harges horse meat is being used ilegally in hamburger and sausages. At Boston, Congressman-elect James M. Curley will ask a re-trial of his $500,000 ibel suit against the Saturday Evening Post, after a jury was unable to agree. At Cambridge, Mayor George T. Ashe f Lowell, pleaded guilty to accepting a ribe, was sent to East Cambridge Iouse of Correction for one year. At Boston, Charles F. Adams, president of he Eastern Racing Association, said horse racing in Massachusetts may be uspended next year. Fire destroyed a South Boston coal-yard pier, causing amage estimated at $200,000. At Plymuth, Victor Morini was killed and three ther city employees injured when they vere buried beneath a collapsing sand ank.

MICHIGAN

At Kalamazoo, Furrenda Nath Chakavorty, East Indian bio-chemist, and Georgia Jean Pugsley, Lawton, Mich., were killed in an auto-train collision. At Detroit, Gus Dorias, U. of Detroit football coach, refused to confirm reports he will become coach of the Detroit Lions. At Detroit, the CIO got behind State Senator Stanley Nowak, target of an ouster suit charging him with falsifying his naturalization papers. At Bay City, it was announced that no more Michigan doctors may enlist in the armed services; the State's quota has been exceeded by 36 per cent. At Muskegon, Melvin Golden, 9, died after doctors sought for 14 months to find a rare blood type needed to save him.

MINNESOTA

Minneapolis — Dismantling of the Tenth Ave. bridge began. City Council discussed closing the municipal auditorium for the duration. State Conservation Commissioner W. L. Strunk announced his resignation. A Moorehead bowling alley operator was fined $100 for leaving lights on in a test blackout.

MISSOURI

At St. Louis, a bill to create a city transportation czar, with authority over store hours, is delayed. Mayor Becker vetoed the bill to redistrict the city's wards, so old boundaries will be used in the April election. At Springfield, Herbert McMahan, attendant at the U. S. Medical Center, took a hog to a slaughter house, got into an argument with the butcher, was fatally stabbed with a skinning knife; the butcher, Walter S. Field, is held on second-degree murder charges. At Kansas City, Postmaster Alexander W. Graham said everything was normal the first day 700 women mail carriers worked—"one of them even got nipped by a dog." The body of Ben G. Brinkman, who built the Arena south of Forest Park in St. Louis, was found in the sea off Miami, Fla., after he had been missing for three days.

MONTANA

Employees of Butte Water Co. put 27 per cent of their pay in War Bonds. An enlistment surge brought in 361 men, 50 WWACs, in 15 days.

NEBRASKA

At Omaha, Brig.-Gen. U. S. Grant inspected a blackout of nine mid-Western states, covering 712,000 square miles. Mrs. Charles Massie, about to have her eighth baby, told attendants not to call her husband—he works in a defense plant. Omaha's Joslyn Castle—cost $150,000—is valueless for assessment purposes, estate attorneys argued. With alarm clocks scarce, an Omaha woman charges $1.50 a month to waken workers daily. Creighton University's basketball team trimmed Kansas, 38-33. Head football coach Glenn Presnell, of Nebraska, is joining the Navy, and head line coach Elmer Holm asked reinstatement of his Army commission.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

At Rochester, James A. Barry, extradited from Chicago, was held for the robbery of $9,904 from Rubin Weinstin in Rochester in 1936.

NEW JERSEY

At New Brunswick, Mrs. Frances Hall, 79, principal in the Hall-Mills murder case, died. At Teaneck, the Holy Name Hospital maternity ward was closed after three infants died in an outbreak of intestinal infections. At Trenton, Leonard Dreyfuss, state OCD director, urged factories to hire more women, but the Curtiss-Wright Corporation plant at Paterson postponed hiring of additional women until after the holidays; women were apparently too busy preparing for holiday festivities to apply. At Tenafly, 23 persons were injured in two bus accidents. At Jersey City, fire caused an undetermined amount of damage at the Metro Glass Bottle Co.

NEW YORK

Milk prices in Western New York rose a cent a quart. The Erie County American Legion oratory contest was won by James F. Chambers, of St. Joseph's Collegiate Institute. Buffalo City Judge Clifford McLaughlin said war workers must stay sober or go to jail. New manager of the Buffalo International League baseball team is Greg Mulleavy, former Jamestown manager. Niagara University's basketball team won eight straight, beating among others Cornell and Scranton. NYC superintendent of schools John Wade was asked by the United Parents' Association to include sex education in school curricula. At New York City, Jacob (Gurrah) Shapiro, one-time racketeer, was brought from Michigan and pleaded not guilty on 36 charges of extortion. Ithaca College held its 47th commencement five months early. Gov. Poletti ordered all dance hall owners to scrap inflammable decorations. At Potsdam, fire destroyed a business block valued at $100,000. The Rainbow Room and Grill at Rockefeller Center, New York City, closed for the duration. At Auburn, the 20th child was born to Mr. and Mrs. George Adams. At Oneida, Joseph Patane and Anna Gelina Lenway were charged with the murder of Patane's wife. At New York City, Philip Sullivan was pardoned by Lt.-Gov. Bailey of Arkansas 19 years after Sullivan (real name, James Owens) escaped from an Arkansas prison farm. At New York City, 100 debutantes made their debuts jointly.

OHIO

At Cincinnati, Jeff Davis, hobo "king," came home after selling $2,000,000 worth of war bonds on a 40,000-mile tour. At Cincinnati, Jack Connelly, deputy sheriff for 22 years and assistant chief house officer at the Netherlands Plaza Hotel since 1936, retired. At Canton, the Canton *Repository* didn't appear for the first time in 127 years, when a typographical union struck for one day. At Cincinnati, Miss Margaret Maloney, public relations director at WKRC, resigned to join Remington-Rand, Inc., at Louisville. At Oxford, a manslaughter warrant was filed against Edward Sladek, whose car hit a marching column of naval trainees. Harlan W. Brush, former Alliance publisher, died at Daytona Beach, Fla. At Cleveland, Paul Howland, who defended Harry Daugherty in the Teapot Dome scandal, died. At Portsmouth, a log-cabin fire near New Boston killed Ora McCann, 28, and his two children.

OREGON

At Oakridge, eight persons were injured when the Southern Pacific's northbound Klamath train was derailed by an avalanche.

PENNSYLVANIA

At Aliquippa, at least 26 persons were killed when 200 tons of rock fell 600 feet to bury an Ohio River Motor Coach Company bus. Four persons were rescued. At Manayunk, the Holliday yarn mill was wrecked by fire. At Philadelphia, the Racquet club broke a 53-year precedent, admitted women. In Lancaster, a vagrant stole the crutches of Ben Diffenbaugh, one-legged County Home orderly. Fifteen Chester firemen were injured in a fire on Edgmont St. At Philadelphia, Northeast High won the city football championship from St. Joseph, 7-0. Reading police started a clean-up of gambling, slot machines included. At Honesdale, fire caused $100,000 damage in the A&P warehouse. At Williamsport, Luther Crouse thought he had a wildcat treed. He fired and his brother-in-law, Lester Hershey, dropped to the ground, dead. Classes in Pottstown High School's vocational training department were suspended, due to lack of fuel oil. At Philadelphia, Charles H. Sykes, cartoonist of the old *Ledger*, died. At Meadville, Carl T. Blakeslee, 11, killed his half-brother, Edward Wright, 17.

RHODE ISLAND

At Providence, bed-ridden Carmino Broccoli and 13 other persons were rescued when fire razed a four-story tenement house. At Newport, fire caused unestimated damage in the villa of the late Mrs. Henry Payne Whitney. At Newport, George Henry Blakely, 77, former president of the McClintic-Marshall Corporation, died.

SOUTH CAROLINA

At Waterboro, Henry Picard, professional golfer, will retire to a 10-acre farm 40 miles from Charleston, where he began his career as a caddy.

TENNESSEE

In remote Hancock County, Eunice Johns, 14, renowned child bride who married when she was 9, gave birth to a daughter. The State administration was reported backing Blan R. Maxwell, Memphis, for speaker of the Senate; Fred Graves, Nashville, for chief clerk, and Roy Melton, Camden, for assistant clerk. In the House, James J. Broome, Clarksville, was without active opposition for speaker. G. Edward Friar, Knoxville, was unopposed for chief clerk, while no candidates had announced for assistant house clerk.

TEXAS

At Galveston, J. L. (Johnny Jack) Nounes, prohibition "big name," was charged with operating his "social club" as an open saloon. At LaGrange, two men answered when a draft-board official called out, "Reinhard Joseph Winkler." Rice Institute paid $1,000,000 for the W. R. Davis estate's interest in the Rincon oil field. At Houston, all trolley-car tracks have been removed, sold to the government for steel, and busses have taken over. At Houston, all Texas properties of Arthur A. Cameron, oil millionaire, were placed in receivership after his wife, June Knight, former movie star, sued for divorce. At Gainesville, Maj. Gen. Alexander E. Anderson, commander of the 86th Division, died.

VERMONT

Joseph H. Denny, Northfield, is opposed by Asa S. Bloomer, West Rutland, for speaker of the Vermont House of Representatives. Howard Rice, Battleboro publisher, is expected to be speaker of the Senate if he will run.

VIRGINIA

Richmond—Rev. Beverley M. Boyd, rector of Grace and Holy Trinity Church, was granted six months' leave to work in Army camps. Vepco commuters settled down to new bus routes, adopted to save mileage, rubber and gas, and Vepco complied with an NLRB order to dissolve the Independent Organization of Employees, but will fight an order to refund "check-off" dues paid the organization. A State Corporation Commission hearing dissolved hastily, as attorneys and witnesses rushed to get gas before the gas freezing orders took effect. Health Director revoked the license of the Paramount Inn on East Broad Street, charging sanitation law violations. Two hundred John Marshall and Teejay boys and girls became rush season store clerks. In Police Court, Justice Jewett dismissed a charge of reckless driving against Councilman Emmett Perkinson. Choice of a new Colt manager, to succeed Ben Chapman, lay between Larry "Chick" Kinzer and George Ferrell. At Gloucester Point one man was drowned and 29 were rescued when a Gloucester Point-Yorktown bus plunged off a ferry into the York River.

WASHINGTON

Two Northern Pacific passenger trains crashed at a grade crossing near Tacoma; two persons were seriously hurt. Seattle motorists threatened to sue city authorities after the jagged end of a street-car rail was left exposed by repairmen and tires of automobiles were ripped. A Wenatchee girl gets a letter every week from her soldier-boy friend—but it takes him eight hours to write each letter; the girl is blind, and the letters are written in Braille on a slate board with a stylus. Bellingham's first traffic fatality of 1942 came a few days before the year's end, when a shipyard worker was killed by a speeding auto.

WISCONSIN

At Spring Green, Frank Lloyd Wright, famous architect, denied that he had advised students at his architectural colony to evade the draft. At Milwaukee, Joseph Sgro was given a life sentence for the knife murder of Rev. Beniamino Re. At Milwaukee, Gov. Heil pardoned Harry Christiansen, who blinded himself in a suicide attempt after he killed his sweetheart.

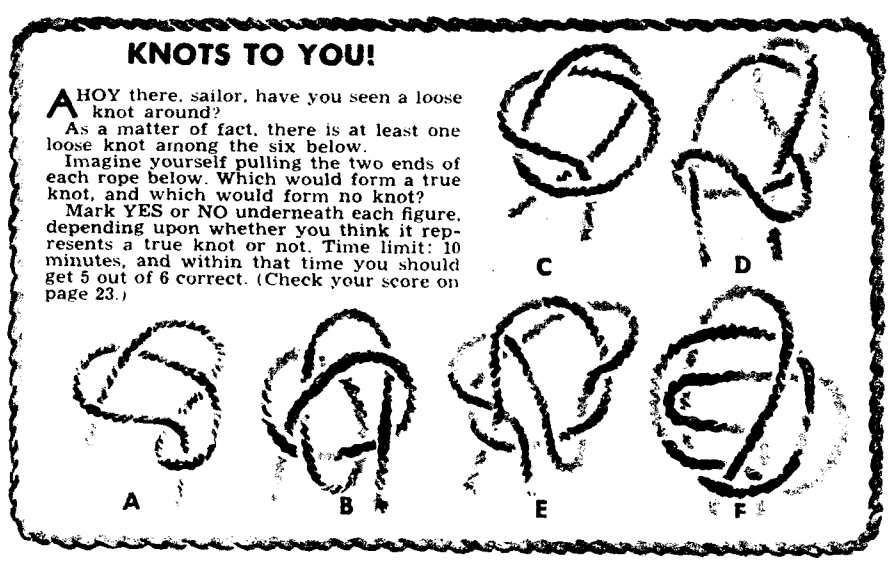
KNOTS TO YOU!

AHOY there, sailor, have you seen a loose knot around?

As a matter of fact, there is at least one loose knot among the six below.

Imagine yourself pulling the two ends of each rope below. Which would form a true knot, and which would form no knot?

Mark YES or NO underneath each figure, depending upon whether you think it represents a true knot or not. Time limit: 10 minutes, and within that time you should get 5 out of 6 correct. (Check your score on page 23.)



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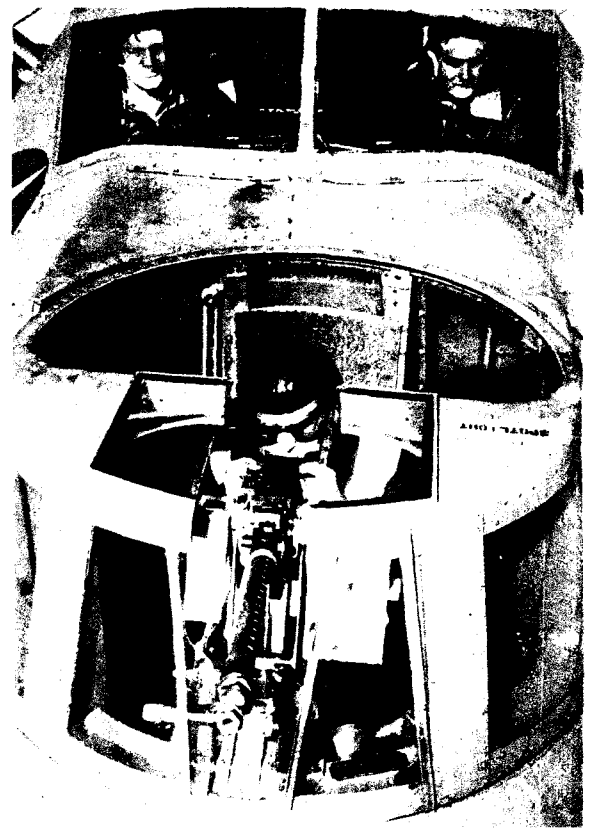
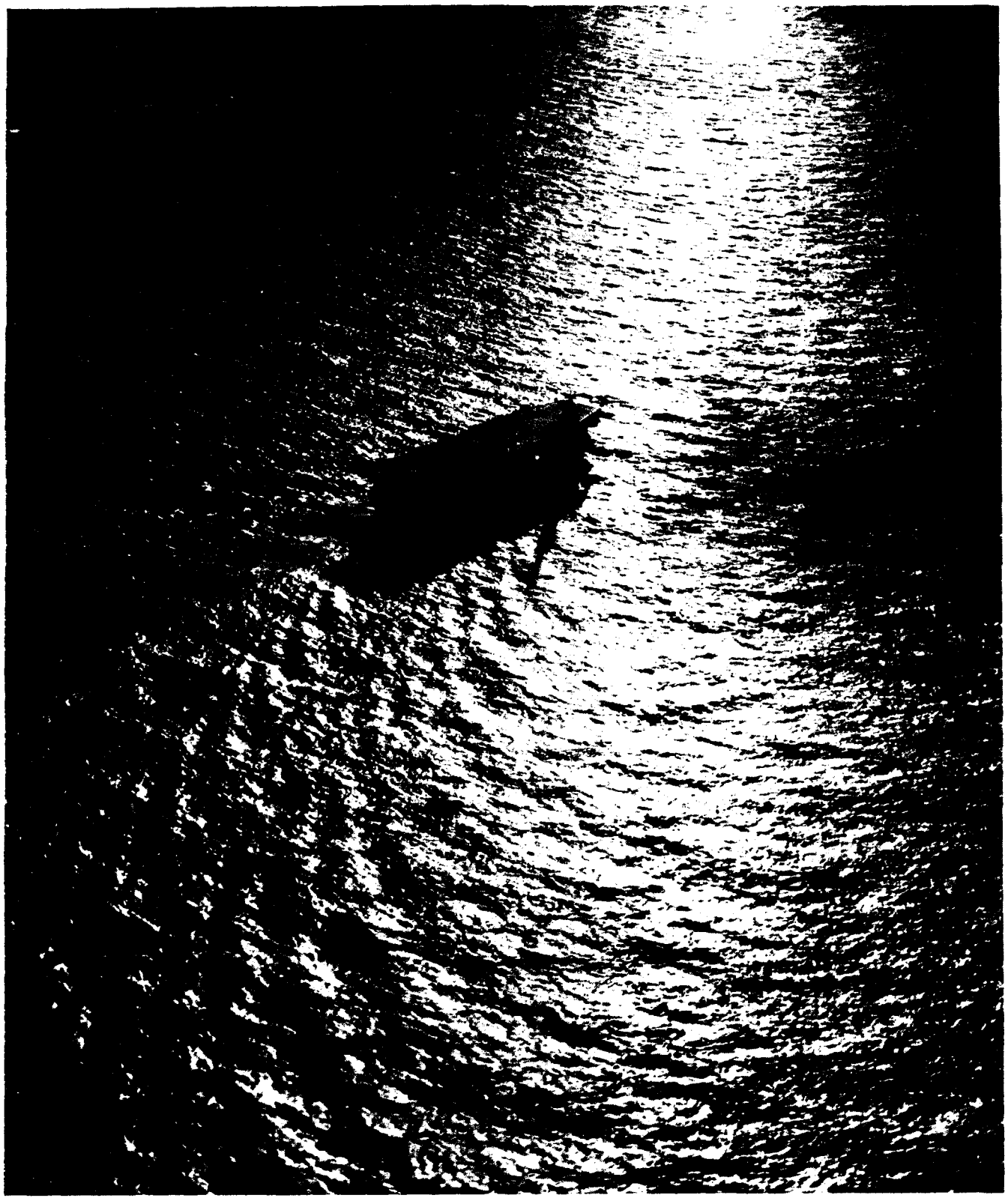
THIS IS

A SAILOR **and his girl make use of the moon.**



NAVY GUNNER **ready in turret of a PBY.**

COLLECTING **stockings for Uncle Sam. Nice**



PLANE CARRIER, **framed by the setting sun, steams for Africa with escorting destroyer.**

A FLAG **with a message, which the Ja**

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HE NAVY

dressed for trouble—of any kind.

making sailors hug the bridge, can't stop this PC boat's sub-hunting

't like: ten torpedoes for ten ships, sunk by a U. S. submarine.

members of the Navy's Construction Battalion, charge across a swamp.

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BETWEEN the LINES

The Nomenclature of a G.I. Haircut

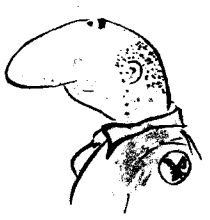
Words by S/Sgt. George (Admiral for short) Dewey
Drawings by Pvt. Mart (Pvt. for too long) Harris

No. 1—The Chili-Bowl Special was formerly coiffured by the actual use of the utensil from which it takes its name. Modern science, however, has developed a simpler technique. The barber simply places his clippers against the vic-'s right temple, gives the chair › complete whirls, clicks his scis-s deceptively, and announces: :xt!"

No. 2—The technique of creating the Paratrooper cut is also quaint. A slight amount of voltage is applied to the patron's posterior, followed immediately by a healthy hack at his locks with a Maori 'machete. Occasionally barber's aim is poor—but those tomers never complain.

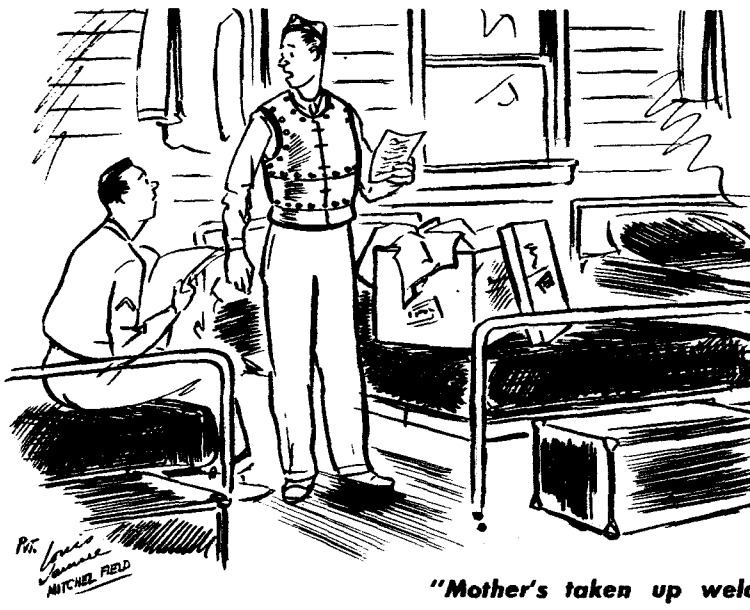
No. 3—The development of the Cherokee Charmer is undoubtedly unique. Once upon a time, a barber got his hand caught in a customer's shock and bluffed it off by ıply mowing all around himself. nebody must have liked it—but ı couldn't give it back to the Ins.

No. 4—This Heart-Throbber is easy. The hero himself simply climbs into the chair, dragging his sideburns behind him, the reaper holds his clippers beside the right ear for five minutes, the left ear for another five, caresses the mess with a light comb, and keeps the change.



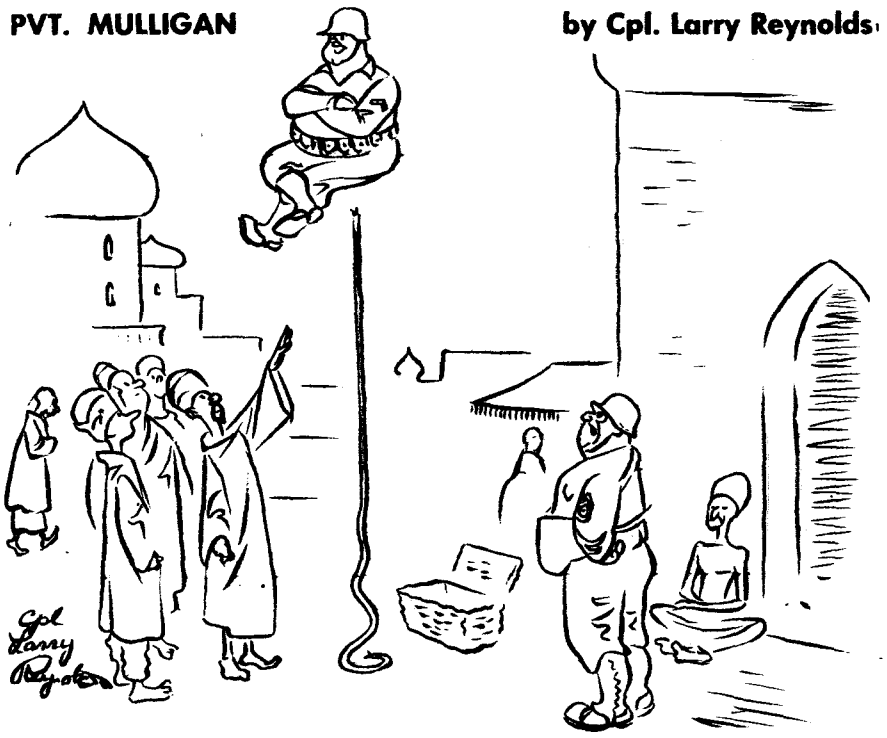
No. 5—This is a clipper-dipper. The recipient of the Sanitary Scratch merely settles down to a comfortable snooze while the operator clears away the tall timber. Then comes a pleasantly ticklish sensation as the barber licks the pate, so to speak. A clever patron begins with a mouthful of gin, lime juice, sugar and soda—the vibration of the clipper produces an excellent Tom Collins!

No. 6—The optimism of this soul is something to behold. The barber usually looks at him incredulously, politely inquires, "Which one?" and then gets out the microscope. Our hero sits quietly for two minutes and then leaves the barber shop looking exactly as he did when he came in.



"Mother's taken up welding!"

PVT. MULLIGAN **by Cpl. Larry Reynolds**



"Lucky I don't believe in rope tricks, Mulligan, or I'd bawl hell outa you."

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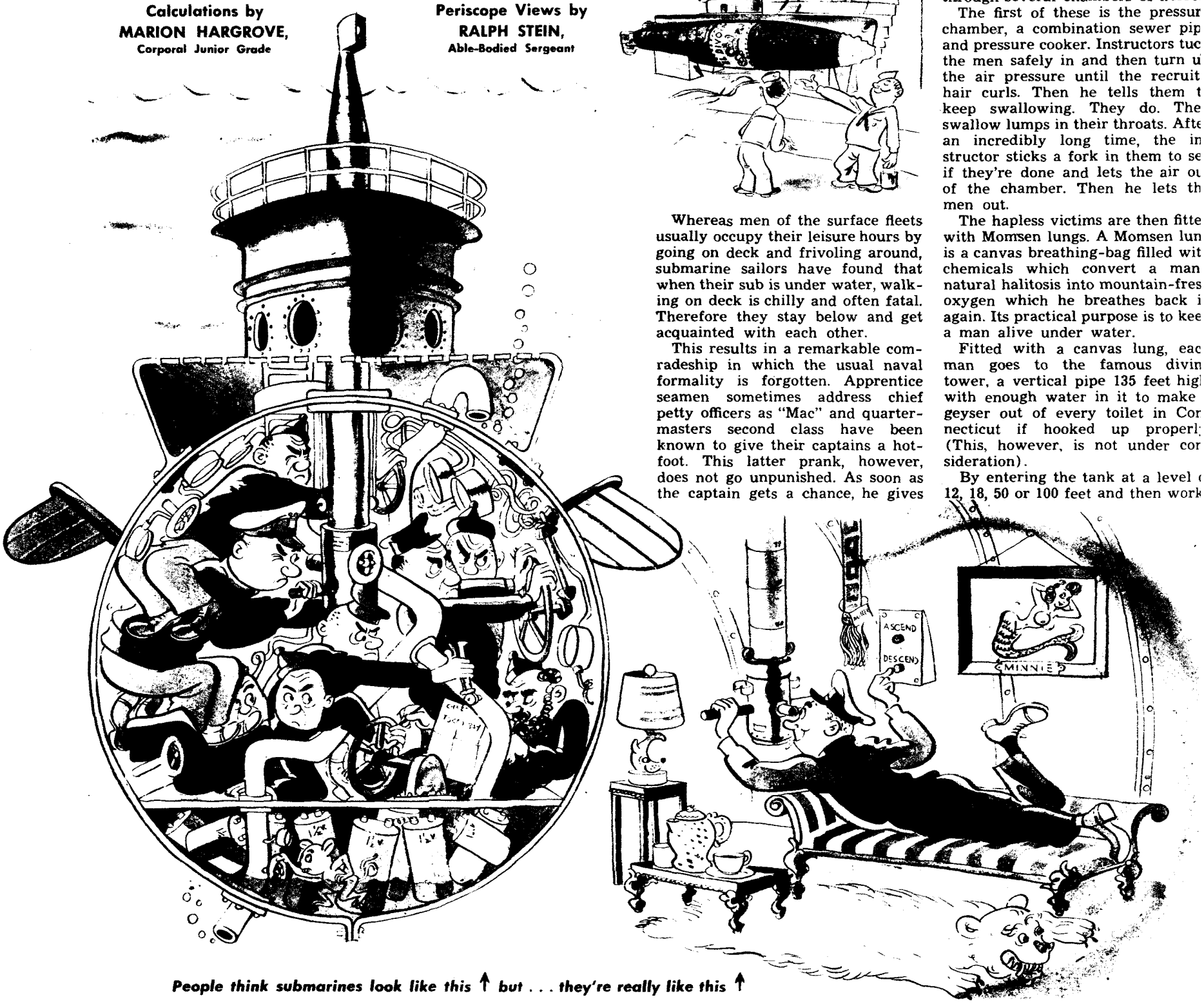
Blow It OUT YOUR BALLAST TANKS

Calculations by
MARION HARGROVE,
Corporal Junior Grade

Periscope Views by
RALPH STEIN,
Able-Bodied Sergeant



People think submarines look like this ↑ but . . . they're really like this ↑

NEW LONDON, CONN.—To read articles about submarines, you'd think they were about as big around as a small beer keg and that the men worked curled around each other's elbows. To see submarine movies, you'd think the sailors spent their time bailing water, gasping, sweating, hammering on jammed doors and getting on each other's nerves.

This is really a lot of Navy propaganda, designed to keep surface fleets from being stripped of their personnel by a rush of volunteers for submarine duty.

Although older subs have few modern conveniences, the latest models are equipped with air conditioning, silent electric motors that won't drown out the swapping of lies, and trimmings of aluminum and stainless steel that please the most aesthetic sailor's eye.

Instead of hairy-chested Victor McLaglens wrestling with monstrous wheels and levers, today we see neat and sober youths turning off their phonographs, putting away their albums of Beethoven records and sauntering to the control room for their turn at reading the streamlined gauges and pushing the pretty little rows of red and green buttons.

This luxurious craft has only one drawback, so far as our astute army eye can see. It looks like a submarine. In modern warfare every combat vehicle is carefully disguised. In our modest way we tried to figure out camouflage for the submarine that would make her look like a mermaid, but her bumps are in the wrong places. Therefore we humbly submit to the Navy the suggestion that a bit of paint could make her look like a 5-cent cigar, in which case nobody would give her a second look.

Whereas men of the surface fleets usually occupy their leisure hours by going on deck and frivoling around, submarine sailors have found that when their sub is under water, walking on deck is chilly and often fatal. Therefore they stay below and get acquainted with each other.

This results in a remarkable comradeship in which the usual naval formality is forgotten. Apprentice seamen sometimes address chief petty officers as "Mac" and quartermasters second class have been known to give their captains a hotfoot. This latter prank, however, does not go unpunished. As soon as the captain gets a chance, he gives the quartermaster a hotfoot in return.

In the submarine fleet, men never get the rough talk, even from the brass, that soldiers and marines get from foul-mouthed first sergeants. A typical order from the diving officer might go: "Gentlemen, as a favor to the captain, who is having a hard time finding his mouth with his fork in this choppy weather, I suggest that we descend to approximately 60 feet, where absolute calm prevails and the captain may eat his breakfast with equanimity. Flood main ballast tanks, set bow planes at five degrees."

This is not to say that the submarine sailor is a softie. On the contrary, without superhuman courage and determination he could not hav braved the dreadful propaganda no waded through the marshes of scare talk to get into the sub service. A of this he did, really thinking all th time that he was getting into a toug life.

After finishing boot camp (if h survives it), the submarine sailc comes here to New London to th training school, where he learns th intricacies of the hydrophones, th periscopes, the thousands of littl gadgets and the john. Then he goe through several chambers of horro

The first of these is the pressur chamber, a combination sewer pip and pressure cooker. Instructors tuc the men safely in and then turn u the air pressure until the recruit hair curls. Then he tells them t keep swallowing. They do. The swallow lumps in their throats. Afte an incredibly long time, the in structor sticks a fork in them to se if they're done and lets the air ou of the chamber. Then he lets th men out.

The hapless victims are then fitte with Momsen lungs. A Momsen lun is a canvas breathing-bag filled wit chemicals which convert a man natural halitosis into mountain-fres oxygen which he breathes back i again. Its practical purpose is to kee a man alive under water.

Fitted with a canvas lung, eac man goes to the famous divin tower, a vertical pipe 135 feet hig with enough water in it to make geyser out of every toilet in Cor necticut if hooked up properl (This, however, is not under cor sideration).

By entering the tank at a level 12, 18, 50 or 100 feet and then work ing one's way slowly up to the su face, the recruit learns the techniq of under-water escape. The 18-fo escape is required, but many me make deeper ones until they' finally come up from 100 feet. Th they do because 1) they want to se the pretty mermaids painted on th sides at the lower levels, 2) the othe fellows would call them sissies they didn't, 3) they get a certifica for doing it, and 4) the other fellow would call them sissies if they didn'

Having gone through these o deals, the submarine sailor can re tire to the quiet and easy-goir submarine life, enjoying the soci routine, doing his work unhurriedl as he awaits the joys of the gloriou post-war world.

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MESSAGE CENTER

S/Sgt. George H. Mohler, 80th Base Hq., Enid Army Flying Sch., Okla., wants to get in touch with Richard L. Lecky, somewhere in the Pacific. Will readers please tip off Mohler?. . . **Sgt. W. C. Keim** has lost track of his kid-brother, Richard. If you know where he's stationed write Keim at Hq. Batry., 25th F.A. Bn., APO 847, c/o Postmaster, N. Y. . . . Friends of **Pfc. David W. Bennet** please write to his mother c/o Sgt. Ed. Cooley, Quartermaster Corps, 1231st SCSOS, Fort Du Pont, Del. Bennet was reported wounded in Western Europe and is probably recuperating in a base hospital in England. . . . **Cpl. John A. Joyce,** England, write to S/Sgt. Harrison Prichard, Hq. Co., 823rd TD Bn., Camp Livingstone. It's urgent. . . . **Pfc. Pedro L. Flores,** Med. Det. Tech. Sch., Fort Benjamin Harrison, Ind., is anxious to get in touch with his brother, Pfc. Mickey L. Flores. . . . **S/Sgt. Harry L. Pugh** saw the names of Pvts. William Breed and Albert Henley in YANK. He wants them to write him c/o 161st Chem. Co., Camp Shelby, Miss. . . . **Pvt. I. Glassman,** 48th Gen. Hospital, Camp Rucker, Ala., wants to hear from his brother, Izz, somewhere in Australia.

COMPANY STREET

Men at the **Seabee Training Center** at Davisville, R. I., trooped out to the movies after suffering through a meatless Tuesday. What was the show? "The Man Who Came to Dinner."

Second member of the famous Flying Tigers to begin training for aviation pilot status at **Athens Pre-Flight School,** Ga., is Ralph Locke of Fresno, Calif. Locke saw service under Gen. Chennault in China for a year, doing dangerous convoy work along the Burma Road.

A seaman who returned to the **Armed Guard Center** at South Brooklyn, N. Y., found 90 letters from the same girl waiting for him. He tore open the first and the last, and tossed the rest away. Then he went and married the girl.

Two amateur barbers plying their trade at the **Sampson Training Station,** Ithaca, N. Y., recently stuck out their necks when they set up shop at 25 cents a clipping. Business was better than the results, but authorities ruled that their profits of $2 would have to go to Navy Relief because of regulations forbidding business enterprises by bluejackets.

Arthur Kane, CSP, of the **Great Lakes Training School,** Ill., is the original Killer Kane of the Buck Rogers comic strip, not because of his villainy but because of his adventures. Chief Kane reversed the usual procedure and saw the world before joining the Navy. He was a noted world traveler before the duration.

R. J. Collard, CM3C, was a member of the crew of the *Wasp* when she was sunk ff the Solomons. The day the ship sank was his birthday. Some time after he got a long delayed cable from his wife. It read: "Happy birthday, darling."

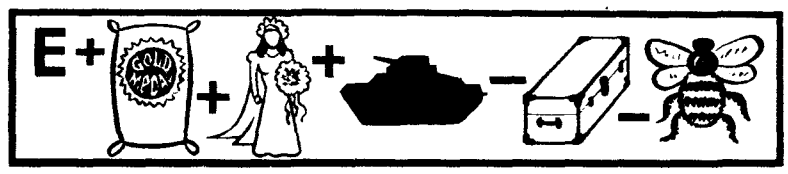
Theodore Simpkins, F2C, back from the invasion of **Africa,** says American gunners know how to shoot. In fact, so good was their fire that French ships in the harbor were sunk almost without damage to the docks, wharves, and other harbor facilities next to them. Simpson was aboard a transport during the attack.

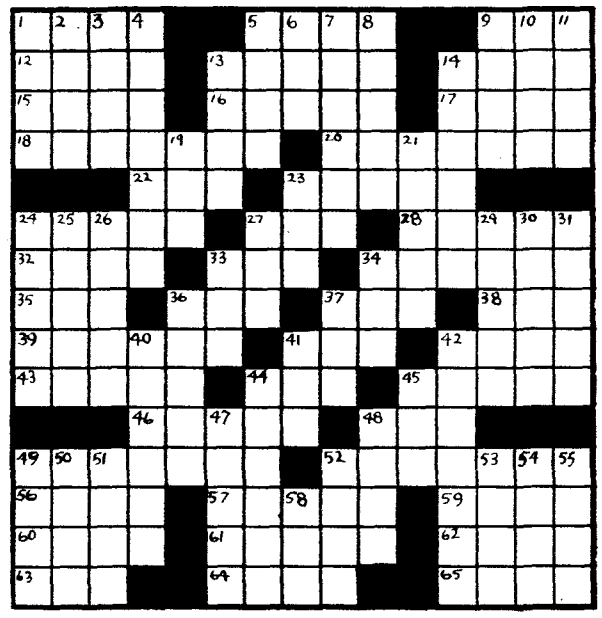
Jane Russell

This being a Navy issue of YANK, it seemed only right to go down to the sea this week to find material for the page over there on the left. Incidentally, Jane's picture, "The Outlaw," produced by Howard Hughes, is still tied up in the Hays' office.

DOUBLE PUZZLE

First solve the Picture Puzzle below. Do this by adding and subtracting the letters which spell the names of the objects shown. The answer will be the name of one of the United States. Fill this into the Crossword Puzzle (52 Across). Then proceed with the rest of the Puzzle.





DOWN

1. Highlander
2. Volcanic fluid rock
3. Affirm
4. To have reference
5. Form of address to commissioned officers (plural)
6. Before
7. Deadly
8. Emancipated
9. Fop
10. Make sales
11. Musical symbol
13. 4,841 square yards
14. Deprive of weapons
19. Liable
21. Stiff
23. Negation
24. Gather a great quantity
25. Worn for fatigue duty
26. Divine food
27. Latrine
29. Fruit, much polished at camp
30. Type of single-mast vessel
31. Oozes
33. Long fish
34. Accomplished
36. Rich peasant
37. Possessed
40. Multitudes
41. Cow chew
42. Part of automobile
44. Threaten
45. Standing Room Only
47. Send back
48. Kind of tree (plural)
49. Pitcher's plate
50. Cooties
51. Player's stake in poker
52. Strikes out
53. Small quantity
54. Puff of a cigarette
55. Other small models of industry
58. Female deer; also, anonymous John

ACROSS

1. —— that Jap!
5. Ego
9. Distinguished Service Cross (abbr.)
12. Chungking air-raid shelter
13. Frame for drying clothes
14. Combat between two persons
15. Above
10. Mediterranean island seized by Nazis
17. Goldbricking
18. What Hitler caught when he tackled the Russians
20. To whom does Germany distribute occupied countries' food products?
22. Imitate
23. Girl's name
24. Acknowledge
27. Chicken claws (abbr.)
28. Cow chow
32. Contemptible
33. Consume
34. Depression on cheek or chin
35. Girl's name
36. Know
37. Concealed
38. Author of "The Raven"
39. Wicked
41. Bounder
42. Spill liquor upon
43. Wee
44. Major travel impediment in New Guinea
45. Foot movements in dancing
46. Equipped for rowing
48. Stage of history
49. Loosen
52. (Solve the Picture Puzzle)
56. Connect
57. Polite address to a lady
59. Ripped
60. Deeds
61. Religious images
62. State (French)
63. Small model of industry
64. Golf devices
65. Tatters

(Solution on Page 23.)

"No, no, Bucky—first the Japanese."

Words Across The Sea

Virginia Gundacker, Y3c, of Flor Park, N. Y., is the first WAVE grace this colum and she does handsome job it. Virginia ha been in the Nav for nearly fou months and is no stationed at th Third Naval Di trict Public Rela tions Office. He greeting goes her regular bo friend, William Sexton, AMM2c, Bridgeport, Conn., who is now at Naval Air Station in the Caribbea Says she: "Wish you could get hom for your sister's wedding in Febru ary." And here's a new note in th masculine, hard-hitting publicatic —"lots of love," she concludes.

Albert A. Malatesta, S2c, five montl in the Coast Guard, was a barter der at Malatesta Parkway Villa, h old-man's place New Jersey. H sends a messag to Albert Koeni a bartender p now in the Para troops. The nigl before they er listed they toure New Jersey's pre zel circuit, crash ing their car into a telegraph pole the end of the evening. "Tell Koen the pole is still there and we'll tal another crack at it after the war."

Cyril Tweed, ordinary seaman, fro Barking, London, has been in H Majesty's Servi for 16 month When his ship w off the west coa of Africa someo left a magazir hatch open an the poor blok slipped 14 feet ar smashed his foc Put ashore in tl Virgin Islands, spent the last fo months in a U. S. Marine hospit He sends a message to his famil "Having a topping time here, b hope to be home soon."

Gus Pashoff, S1c, for eight yea the New York Yankees' bat boy, now striking f gunner's ma aboard a destroy in the North A lantic. "I wasn't fan; it was strict from hunger," replied whe questioned abo his civilian caree To show his in partiality he sen his regards to D Gutteridge, utility infielder for t Cards, and Cookie Lavagetto, Brool lyn third baseman: "Hope to see y guys back in the big league soon Both ball players are flying for t Navy.

Richard Anderson, AS, who has be in the Navy a month and a ha sends a messa to Eddie Harris, sailor he met Small's Paradi in Harlem t night before enlisted: "He sa the Navy was nice place whe you didn't get until 7:00 march or exerci in the mornin Tell him he was lying." Anderson 19 and was a clerk for the Edis Telephone Company before he m Eddie Harris.

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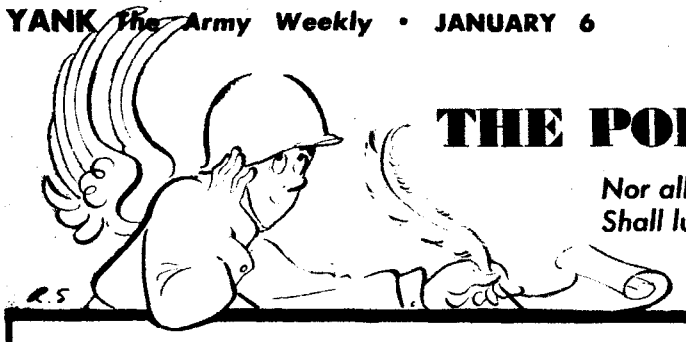


THE POETS CORNERED

Nor all your piety and wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line.
Omar K., Pfc. 1st Pyramidal Tent Co.

A BROTHER'S COMPLAINT

Sis is going with a sailor,
At first it didn't faze us;
But now the family's talk is full
Of sailors' salty phrases.
We found it rather hard at first
To follow all his speech,
Since talk is different on board ship
Than it is "on the beach."
When talking during dinner,
He talks like other boys;
Except he calls the lettuce "grass,"
And celery just plain "noise."
His "salty" talk is slangy,
And hard to understand;
He calls the canned milk "iron cow,"
And sugar he calls "sand."
The spinach he calls "Popeye,"
And Grandma always squirms
For when we have spaghetti,
He says, "Throw me the worms."
He sat beside my father,
And needed elbow room;
He looked at dad and said: "Say, Mate,
Rig in your starboard boom."
We finally caught on, though,
And now are doing fine;
We say "six bells" for 3 oclock
When we are telling time.
When Ma goes to the city,
Or runs down to the store,
And someone asks us where she is,
We say she's "gone ashore."
Sister calls a floor a "deck,"
To hear her talk is sport;
To her, a roof's an "overhead,"
A window is a "port."
Then, too, if someone gets "fouled up,"
Or some new trouble comes;
And Dad starts to complain, Ma says:
"Now, Pa, don't beat your gums."
When pappy goes to work just now,
We say he's "turning to";
Whilst Mother "swabs" and never scrubs,
As once she used to do.
The place sure has gone salty,
Which makes me lots of trouble;
For when Ma says, "Come here, 'Chop-chop',"
I go there—"on the double."
I wish that "tar" would "weigh his anchor,"
And do what I oft' think;
"Point his bow" and "trim his jib,"
And go jump in the "drink."

The Bulldozer
USN TRAINING CENTER
CAMP ENDICOTT, R. I.

YOU'RE ON REPORT

You're on report, that's all they say,
You're on report, day after day.
You shine your shores, you clean your hat;
But even so, in spite of that:
"You're on report," it gets you mad!
But it's no fun, it's really sad!
They give you work detail, KP, fire watch and such;
In fact the things they make you do is just too much.
Although you try to be "on the ball,"
There'll come a day you're bound to fall,
And then you'll hear that sweet retort:
"You're on report"; "YOU'RE ON REPORT."

ALFRED MCNULTY, S2C
USCG TRAINING STATION
MANHATTAN BEACH, N. Y.

HERE COME THE WAVES

"Anchors Aweigh," the Navy's theme song, has changed from bass to soprano since five WAVES feminized it into a women's marching song at the University of Wisconsin's Naval Training School at Madison:

Dressed in our Navy blues,
Here comes the WAVES.
Each heart is Navy true,
We're loyal all the way.
No job's too great a task,
We're here to serve,
Each lass is proud to be,
A member of the USN Reserve.
Heave ho! there sailor,
Everybody "hup two," while you may,
Heave ho! there sailor,
Everybody up at break of day.
Roll along, sing a song, though you're
Up at break of day—hey!
We'll help to win this war,
We'll do our share.
Backing our Navy men, on land, at sea,
And in the air.
Our course is charted now,
We'll never swerve,
We're very proud to be,
The women of the USN Reserve.

The lyrics were written by Mary Carpenter, East Cleveland, Ohio, with the help of Ruth Hindenlang, East Orange, N. J.; Ethel Waechter, Union City, N. J.; Calista Halsted, Kingston, N. Y., and Helen Boycar, Chicago, Ill.

THE U. S. NAVY BEAN

From the mess halls of the boot camp
To the dreadnaught *Tennessee*,
We feed our country's Navy
On the land and on the sea.
First to greet the gob at breakfast
With an appetizing scene,
We are proud to claim the title
Of the U. S. Navy Bean.
We're a pest in old Cavite,
Or the ditch at Panama;
When the crew is very needy
Of a meal, they get us raw;
For we're on the *Shenandoah*,
And the lowly submarines,
And not a gob has pushed a swab
Who hasn't eaten beans.
Here's health to you and all ship's cooks
Whom we are proud to serve;
We get them many dirty looks
And yet they keep their nerve.
If the Army or Marine Corps
Ever look on heaven's scenes,
They will find the tables loaded
With those U. S. Navy Beans!

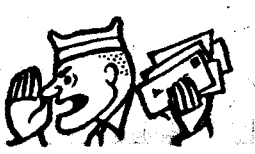
USS MOFFETT — BOZO

THE FIGHTING YEOMAN

The yeoman boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of desks you'll find him,
With pen in hand and clips beside,
And a blonde who's there to guide him.
"Down with Adolf," the warrior said
As he boldly checked a file;
"That goes for Hirohito, too,"
And leered at leg-filled lisle.
Then came the bill and came the girls
To take our hero's place,
And out to sea went the yeoman bold
With a sick smile on his face.
The bos'n piped his shrilling tune,
The deck broke into life;
And while the sailors manned the guns,
The yeoman geared for strife.
He checked the files, he checked the forms;
The office, it was clean.
He even checked the muster roll
And found it "on the beam."
Then came a crash of dynamite,
Amidships it exploded.
The poor ship cracked—a fearful sight—
With sea, soon overloaded.
And then with hope all gone awry,
Amid the wails of dying,
A feeble voice was heard to cry,
"Tell Mom I went down filing."

The Pelican
U. S. NAVAL STATION
NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Mail Call



Dear YANK:

I think the Navy men need a new approach to the WAVES, of which I am one. Navy men really needn't be afraid of us when they see us for the first time.

Here is the way it is now: A sailor spots a WAVE hard at work. He doesn't use the direct approach with us, as he does with other girls. No, he acts as though we were an enemy he had seen but who had not seen him. He begins to circle around the WAVE in question, careful to keep a good distance. Then, when he has circled enough to grab the WAVE's attention, he just looks at her with an I-can't-believe-it look on his face, an embarrassed as a kid bringing an apple to teacher.

ANNE LEHR, Y3c
STILLWATER, OKLA.

Dear YANK:

After many months in the Navy I've only just today come across a copy of YANK in the PX on this station. I'm very enthusiastic over its exciting makeup. I should very much like to know how I may obtain all past issues as I should like to make a little side hobby of collecting a complete file of YANK. Looking forward to an early reply.

WILLIAM GREEN, PhM3c
CHERRY POINT, N. C.

You can subscribe as of now, get any or all back issues at 5 cents a copy. For a complete back issue file send $1.50 plus your subscription for the future.

Dear YANK:

A sailor has lots of fun (people think!) answering questions about naval procedure aboard ship. People have been asking me such questions for a long time now, and here is the blanket answer I've worked out. The spelling is phonetic and the only guy who can deliver it better than I can is that little guy in the movies:

On coming aboard ship, face aft, solome the colors cromely, render a snappy salute to the officer of the deck and say: "Permission to ravenscritt abahm, sir." He will undeckle graciously and permission will be granted. This is really the hardest part of going on board ship.

Now comes the most important part of ship etiquette. When called up to the mast keep your head. Inquire as to probabilities of cloining the doublerab or leman the captain and ascertain the unduble facts. Remember that the captain must learn the aurican frott of the entire masurcan. If you have learned that, then this storrtentous lecture will have been worth a hundred dorretrops to the rilleroh.

HAL DAVIS, Y3c
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Dear YANK:

I got my first taste of Navy life while being indoctrinated at Oklahoma A & M College. Just about the most difficult thing to remember was that we were living on board a ship and nautical terms applied to everything. Floors become decks, walls are bulkheads, windows are ports, and your roommate is your mate.

A WAVE apprentice seaman reported to the officer of the deck, saluted and sounded out: "Simmons, Apprentice Seaman, requesting permission to go ashore."

The OD replied: "Does your mate know you're going ashore?"

Apprentice Seaman: "Oh, yes. He's waiting outside."

PEGGY KERCHMAR, PO3c

Dear YANK:

You guys make this gang laugh, but loud. Being in Labrador for a grand total of four great big, long months must be tough on those guys. [YANK, Oct. 21]. We have been here for one year on Dec. 5, and before that were in Rio Hato, Panama, for 10 months. Incidentally, it was only 135 in the shade on Nov. 15.

S/SGT. RAY PORTEUS
CARIBBEAN COMMAND

Dear YANK:

Enclosed is a copy of our current New Year card, made by and for our Regimental Photo Section. The ambitious dogface is me, Pvt. John A. Schrader. The photo was set up and taken by myself and Pfc. Dick Russell. We're both from Detroit, Mich., and both in the Regimental Photo racket here.

PVT. JOHN A. SCHRADER
ALASKA

Dear YANK:

When you ask for a rum coke in a saloon in Honolulu, they give you a glass of colored soda with a little bit of whisky sprayed on top to give it a smell.

Coca-Cola may have the biggest soda company in the world but Aqua Velva is the biggest seller down here, with Mennen's a close second.

PVT. JOSEPH A. O'DONNELL
HAWAII

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YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY
VOL. I, NO. 30
JAN. 6, 1943
By the men . . for the men in the service

Where the Hell's the Navy?

REMEMBER that phrase? It was on the lips of a lot of people a year ago. After the terrible pounding at Pearl Harbor, a lot of us said the Navy was primarily a bunch of snobs who wouldn't cooperate with the Army or anyone else, and now it was knocked out of the war on the first day. The Navy didn't take time to answer this accusation; it was too busy.

What happened was interesting. Having taken a terrific wallop on the ego as well as on equipment, the Navy didn't quit. With inferior power it went out after a very smart, utterly unscrupulous Jap who had everything on his side: the momentum of victory, surprise, confidence, superior striking power. With the wily toughness of old John Paul Jones and old man Farragut and others who have won us sea victories against mighty long odds, our Navy did its job. Lord only knows how it did what it did with what it had remaining.

The latrine strategists who had been asking where the hell was the Navy got their explanation from the Coral Sea, from Midway, from Guadalcanal. The answer was in enemy ships and planes destroyed, the enemy's rush toward Australia stopped, the safe convoy of our troops to every danger spot in the world. A year after being kicked out of the war at Pearl Harbor, our Navy was safely convoying an invading force into Africa while going on with its job of drowning Tojo 7,000 miles away.

That ought to answer for this war where the Navy is.

Maybe we sound all steamed up about the Navy. If so, it's the result of study. When we started this Navy Issue, it was a gesture to acquaint sailors with The Army Weekly. But the farther we went in boning up on the Navy, the farther we travelled in Navy ships, the more respect we got for what our sailors have done in this war.

Army at-ten-shun. Present arms. Commence firing, 17 guns. Sound off, four ruffles and flourishes. Band strike up "Anchors Aweigh."

STRICTLY G.I.

Regulation

THE Navy equivalent of Strictly G.I. is "Regulation." And an officer who is G.I. (if that's possible) is a "Regulation Gold Braid" who "runs a tight ship." If the Gold Braid isn't too strict he runs a "happy ship." If the Gold Braid is a really tough, hard-bitten old salt who allows no liberties, he gets called exactly what you and you call a tough colonel—in clipped, uncomplimentary, unprintable words.

That Sailor Suit

A good way to start an argument in the Navy is to speculate on how the sailor suit originated. If you have a better story than ours, send it in. Here's ours. The 13 buttons are for the original 13 states, collar is a hangover from the days when sailors tarred their hair and wore it in dirty braids that needed an apron. The neckerchief is for the black rag stokers wore to wipe sweaty faces. Bell bottoms are practical, so they can be rolled above the knees when you swab down decks, or (second version) so you can take your pants off without removing shoes (if you're washed overboard, naturally). The three stripes and stars on the collar make you look pretty and mean nothing. Sailors are proud that their uniform is impractical and outmoded. They've got tradition, but probably feel just as silly in their pajamas as you'd feel in that high-collared job your pappy wore in the Argonne forest.

Cablese

Because most Navy communications are sent by wireless or cable, the Navy has evolved a cryptic abbreviation system. CINCPAC is, of course, Commander-in-Chief Pacific, COMNINE is Commandant, Ninth Naval District, COMDESDIVFIVE is Commander, Destroyer Division Five, BUPERS is the Bureau of Naval Personnel.

The only recent change in the system came when the Commander-in-Chief, U. S. Fleet, changed his title to COMINCH. It used to be CINCUS but Admiral King didn't like the phonetic implications. Battleships are called BBs, carriers are CVs, heavy cruisers CLs, light cruisers CAs, destroyers DDs.

MP Barrage

From now on keep a sharp eye for all brands of MPs. Since Dec. 15, an MP in one branch of the service is allowed to arrest men in any other branch if the situation warrants it. In addition, officers, petty officers and noncoms can take the same measures as MPs in case of brawls or kindred disorders.

Explosive Literature

Navy men stationed in the new boot camp at Farragut, Idaho, were surprised to find "No Smoking" signs suddenly posted in the library. Investigation disclosed that a new recruit had read the executive order about no smoking near the magazines.

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Pictures: Cover, Acme. 2 & 3, U. S. Navy. 5, top right, Acme, INP; bottom, Acme. 7, Acme. 11, PA. 12, top, Acme, U.S. Navy, INP; bottom, U.S. Navy. 13, top left, Acme; top right, U.S. Navy; bottom, U.S. Navy. 16, Russell Birdwell. 17, YANK Staff. 23, PA.

Full 24-hour INS and UP leased wire service.

Items That Require No Editorial Comment

Sensitive Himmler

Gestapo Chief Heinrich Himmler is fussy about the kind of pictures his admirers buy. The Nazi policeman has banned the sale of all photographs of himself now in circulation on the ground that they are either "bad" or "obsolete."

Mythology to History

In discussing Field Marshal Rommel's retreat across Tripolitania, Samuel Marshak, the Russian children's writer who in recent years has penned war and political verses, compared Rommel with Romul (Romulus), mythological founder of Rome, and quipped: "There's this difference —Romul founded Rome; Rommel will destroy it."

Wanted: Dead or Alive

Charles E. Lee of London has offered the price of $40,000 for the head of Field Marshal Rommel, dead or alive.

The offer was telegraphed to Lee's grandson, Capt. Edgar Lee Gibbons, whose unit has been chasing Rommel's Afrika Korps across Tripolitania. Lee said the offer was good for any man in his grandson's battalion.

Greater Love Hath No Soldier

The lady in the dining car didn't care who heard her when she told off the waiter who refused to get her a second cup of coffee. A soldier, sitting nearby, arose and handed her his coffee, remarking:

"Madam, here's one more thing I can do for my country."

She took the proffered java and drank it.

What's in a Name

A Brussels (Belgium) man has been imprisoned because of the name he chose for his newly-born son. The name—WINSTON.

APPREHENSION

"Twinkle, twinkle little SPAR,
I don't wonder who you are.
You are out to get my job."
Said the nervous, typing gob.

ROBERT E. VIANO, SK2c
COAST GUARD TRAINING STATION
MANHATTAN BEACH, N. Y.

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205 EAST 42ND ST., NEW YORK CITY, U.S.A.

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"Can" Rations

Destroyer Men Tell Boudoir Stories But 18 Days at Sea Change the Scuttlebutt To Adventures Without a Heroine

By ROBERT L. SCHWARTZ Y3c
YANK Staff Writer

Destroyer Sketches
By Cpl. ROBERT GREENHALGH

After evening chow on the destroyer the men sit on the fantail and tell tall stories. Most of the crew come to these bull sessions and in the two hours before dark they tell tale after tale of boudoir experience.

But one night was different. We had been out for 18 days. Maybe the men were tired of bedroom stories or maybe it was the weather, which had turned sharp and cold, but anyway they stopped talking after a few stories had fallen flat.

One of the sailors sitting on a row of depth charges sighed and said, 'It's too damned quiet these days."

The other men nodded. "Two thousand miles this trip," another said, 'and we didn't even hear a sub on the sound gear. That's what comes from cleaning a place out too good."

They were quiet for a while longer and then a yeoman said, "It wasn't like this the first few times we came out here." He laughed and the other men laughed with him, and then he went on talking.

The Yeoman's Story

Do you remember the time we spotted the first sub? I was on the bridge as a "talker" that night. It was warm and very dark; you couldn't see your hand in front of your face. I was nervous. It was my first trip to sea.

Besides listening over the phone I would take the captain's commands and call them out over the phones for the men on the guns and in the lookout posts. The job wasn't hard, but I was new at it—and all of a sudden the port lookout calls in that he spotted a periscope dead ahead on the surface.

I was so damned scared I didn't know what to do. Only the captain was calm. I never saw anyone so calm in all my life. My hands were sweating like I'd dipped them in water, and he was just standing there whistling softly through his teeth.

The captain asked me for the phone set and I gave it to him. He talked in it to all the gun crews. "Fill your loading lines and load your guns," he said quietly. "The chief signalman will turn on the main searchlight when the sub is within range. Do not fire when the searchlight goes on. You will be given the preliminary command 'stand by' and then the command, 'fire.' I repeat: do not fire when the searchlight goes on. You will be given the command 'stand by' and then the command 'fire'."

He gave me back the phone set and I hung it around my neck again. The captain went back to his low whistling. It was a thing called "Lady Be Good."

The port lookout shouted, "They're loading their deck gun, sir." The searchlight came on. Out on the water was a vague gray object, low in the waves.

The captain stopped whistling. He pointed to me and the phone set, motioning for me to repeat his command: "Shoot it," he said. "Shoot it! Shoot it!"

CPL. G. Gun watch in foul-weather gear.

The men shook their heads when the yeoman finished, each remembering his part in the engagement. The radioman came away from the rail where he had been standing and joined the circle. He was blond, thin, about 23. He had left Massachusetts to join the Navy three years earlier. Before the war he had spent his shore leaves visiting museums and going to concerts.

The Radioman's Story

That reminds me of a trip we took with a lot of new recruits. They were good guys and good to talk to, probably nervous, but they never showed it much, and they spent most of their time in small groups up on

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the foc'sle watching the bow cut through the water, like all new sailors seem to do.

I was up gassing with them one day when suddenly a big column of smoke shot into the air up ahead on the horizon. A tanker had just been torpedoed. We shot up to full speed and depth-bombed the whole area. Some smaller ships came up and picked up the survivors and we went back to join them after we finished.

All the freighter men thrown in the water had life jackets on, but most of them were dead and their jackets had slipped down around their waists. They just floated around with their heads under water and their butts sticking up.

When I finished my work I went back up to the foc'sle to see how the new guys were taking it. I walked clear up to them before I noticed they were all crying. Their fists were clenched so tight you could see their veins standing out.

The Bosun's Mate cleared his throat and spat into the sea. He was a regular navy man of many hitches. Before joining the Navy he had shipped as helmsman in the Merchant Marine.

The Bosun's Mate's Story

I remember that rescue. There was a small raft with a little pole on it floating around in the wreckage. Two guys were on the raft and the damned thing was burning like a son of a gun. We launched a boat and went to take them off. Just before we got to them one of the guys jumped off. He sank before we could get to him.

I was helmsman of the boat and I didn't want to steer too close to the raft because it was burning pretty high now. I pulled up near the thing and told the other guy to jump off and swim over. He wouldn't move. The raft was burning, the guy's clothes were smoking and the little mast he was hanging to was all on fire. But the damned fool wouldn't let go. We could see his hands getting burned and he just stood there and stared at us. Finally our ensign jumped overboard as I edged in close, grabbed the guy and threw him aboard our boat. Two hours later, back here on the destroyer, the guy was perfectly all right except for the burns on his hand.

"That's the way it goes," the yeoman said. "They go right out of their head sometimes."

"Yeah," a seaman said, "I remember once—"

"You remember," the gunner's mate said scornfully. "You ain't old enough to remember anything." The gunner's mate was another old navy man: he was short, Irish and bald. He had served in the last war and loved to tell stories. Now he packed his pipe down and settled back to enjoy the respectful silence he always got.

The Gunner's Mate's Story

Our strangest rescue, if you can call it that, was one day up around Newfoundland. It was a dark, gray day, like they always are up there, when we suddenly heard a plane up above. It was one of our planes and it signalled that there was a raft floatin' around with some one on it, just like you told about, and it was about 10 miles back of us. So we turned around and headed back for it through an ocean that looked like one of them new cocktails—full of slush and chipped ice.

It was snowing by then and we had a hard time findin' the raft. When we finally made it out, there didn't seem to be no one on it. There were footprints in the snow on the raft, but not a soul aboard. The new snow hadn't even covered the footprints up yet.

We sank it with our machine guns.

"Sometimes you get a queer one," the torpedo man said. He was a short, dark Italian who had once fought in the Golden Gloves.

The Torpedoman's Story

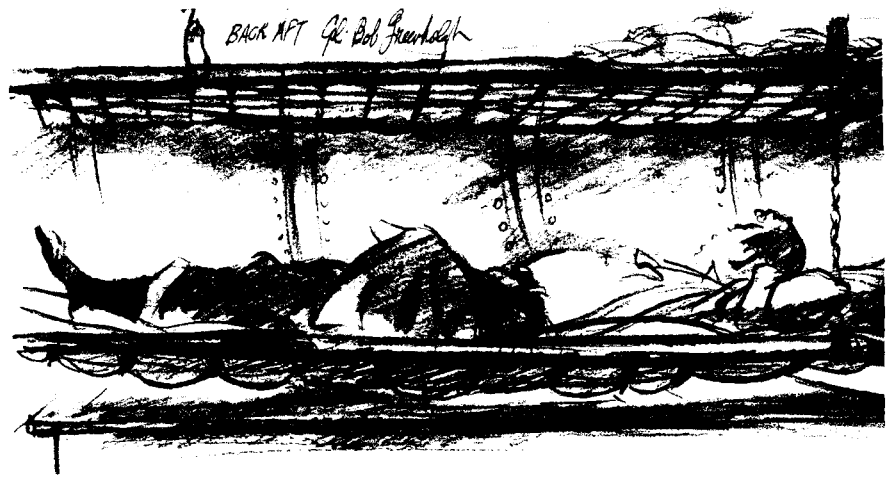
We were out with some other ships and an American sub, just practicing. The sub would go under and we would listen for it with our sound machines. When we found it we'd blow our whistle and then the sub would move off somewhere else and we'd do it all over again. There were five of us there: three PC boats, a Canadian corvette and us on the destroyer.

Finally, after we'd found it a few times, the sub starts to surface. Our starboard lookout says, "Periscope at oh-four-five, sir." About two seconds later the port lookout says, "Periscope at two-six-oh, sir." Nobody knew what to make of it. We weren't sure which sub was ours and nobody believed a Nazi sub would come right up among five of our ships. We waited and waited, not knowing what the hell to do, and finally the port sub came clear out of the water and we saw it was ours.

Well, we started after the other one, but it pulled down its periscope as soon as it saw where it was and disappeared.

The American sub came up, saw what was happening and ran like hell.

You won't believe this, but with five anti-submarine ships against one lousy sub, we never got the guy. We had to be careful not to sink our own sub.



Crapped out below.

The men all shook their heads at this and some them laughed.

"I remember," the seaman started to say.

"My God!" said the gunner's mate. "There he goes again."

"I remember—" the seaman said, but the gunner's mate reached over and put his hand over the seaman's mouth.

"Hush now," the gunner's mate said gently. "Hush now before poppa spank."

The Fire Controlman's Story

You know that nothing scares you so much as sitting still in the water when you know there are subs around. Sometimes we lower a boat when we have to rescue people and keep the destroyer circling around so they can't line us up for a tin fish. We did that once up north when we picked up three guys from a raft. That was one of those peculiar experiences, not the circling around, but those men on the raft. One of them was a British professor who was going to America to teach in some college. Both his legs were frozen when we picked him up and they had to be cut off. One of the other men lost one of his legs, too. But the third man, a merchant seaman, had just walked back and forth on this little raft for two days, and he was perfectly okay.

I still wonder about that sometimes. It seems funny that this dumb seaman knew enough to walk back and forth while the professor just sat there and froze.

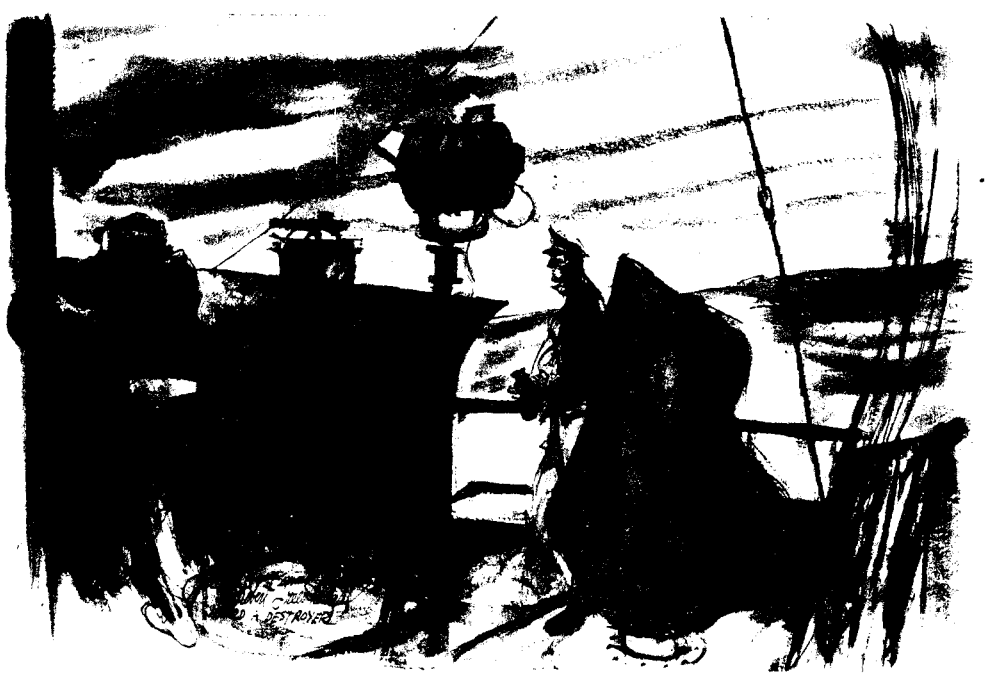
There was little talking after this story until the silence began to work on the coxwain, a kid of 20. He was staring at the deck, and finally looked up.

The Coxwain's Story

You know, I had a good friend once on a destroyer. He was a fireman and we were in boot camp together. He was on duty in the fire room during a sub patrol. Another fireman, who was off duty, came down to get a cup of coffee. Usually there's a coffee pot in the fire room, but this time they had run out of grounds for making more. My friend and this other guy flipped to see who'd go up and get some more from the galley. It was good and cold out and none of them wanted to go, but my friend won and the other had to go up. My friend stayed down on duty.

While this other guy was up in the galley a torpedo hit right smack in the No. 1 fire room.

Nobody got out.



Bridge watch, moderate sea, slight roll.

Fire room—cutting in a new burner.

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This Post Exchange, like YANK itself, is wide open to you. Send your cartoons and stories to: The Post Exchange, YANK, The Army Weekly, U. S. A.

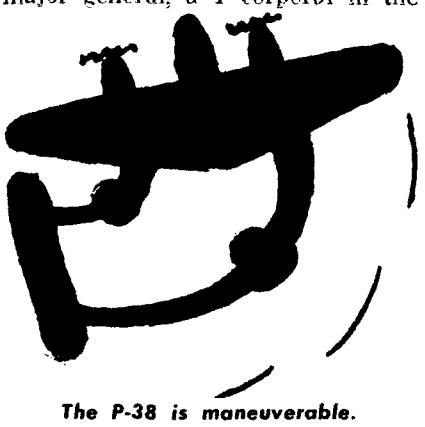
If your contribution misses the mark for any reason, you will receive YANK's special de luxe rejection slip that will inspire a more creative mood.

Pipe the P-38

Airplane identification isn't so hard if you use our simplified system. After all, there are really only two kinds of airplanes. These are the P-38 and the other kinds.

Today we will take up the P-38. We may never take up the other kinds, which will probably be just as well.

The P-38 resembles a kite with the paper torn off. Its distinctive feature is its fuselage. Or fuselages. Experts have not yet decided whether it has a divided fuselage, or two fuselages. Some people say it is built that way to allow antiaircraft flak to pass through. This is not true. It is built that way for quite another reason—a military secret known only to a major general, a T corporal in the mimeograph department, and myself.



The P-38 is maneuverable.

When it flies the P-38 makes a whistling noise, similar to the noise made by a broad-billed swamp heron. Sometimes a mother swamp heron is killed while sitting on eggs, and then a P-38 will take over and hatch them out, treating them like her own young. When this happens there are pictures in the Sunday papers.

From a head-on view the P-38 can be recognized by the engine nacelle. Nacelle Higgins was the name of a girl I used to know in Indiana. She was fast and maneuverable.

After all, if you want to know what a P-38 looks like, just study the next one that flies over.

CPL. RAY DUNCAN
SANTA ANA AIR BASE, CALIF.

Salvage

You are told when you come into the Army that you may submit those articles of clothing that have become worn, torn or otherwise rendered unfit for human use to the supply sergeant, who will promptly give you new ones. But this is how it works:

First you must locate the supply sergeant. This can be done on alternate Thursdays between 300 and 301.

He then commandeers the shirt, or what was once a shirt, offering not the semblance of a receipt, and grunts something that sounds like, "Be lucky to get that back, let alone a new one."

Then you wait, and wait, and wait—until in desperation you approach the sergeant timidly, hand him a written note inquiring as to the whereabouts of your shirt, and run like mad.

Because you know he'll say:

"What do you want from me? You think that all I got to do all day is worry about your shirt? I got 120 blankets to check in. I got 75 rifles to get over to ordnance. I got 47 pairs of OD slacks and shirts to go to the cleaners. Get the hell out of here."

PFC. NORMAN KATKOV
FORT SNELLING, MINN.

"Not so vigorously, Jones!"

OVERSEAS — PFC. JACK KERNS, U. S. MARINES

Army Jokes

(If these Army jokes don't make you laugh, send in some that do.)

The soldier appeared before the company commander, accused of using insulting language to his sergeant.

"Please, sir," he protested. "I was only answering a question."

"What question?" asked the officer.

"Well, sir, it was like this: the sergeant says, 'What do you think I am?' and I told him."

An MP pulled a plastered G.I. out of the ocean at an Australian port. "What are you trying to do?" asked the MP. "Commit suicide?"

"No, I was only trying to swim to San Francisco."

"Yeah? Why didn't you take off your clothes to swim?"

"Because," replied the soldier, "wouldn't I look like the devil landing on a U. S. beach without clothes?"

A yardbird had been bitten by a vicious dog but didn't give it much thought. However, when the wound failed to heal, he got worried and dashed to the Medical Department. The medical officer took one look at the rookie and immediately put out a call to pick up the dog. It turned out the dog had rabies.

The MD explained to the soldier that it was too late to give him serum; he had contracted hydrophobia.

Muttering a "thanks, doc," the rookie seated himself immediately at the officer's desk and began writing. Trying to be comforting, the doctor consoled:

"Maybe it won't be so bad. You have a slim chance of pulling through. I wouldn't make out my will just yet, if I were you."

"Will, hell," snorted the rookie. "I'm making out a list of officers I'm going to bite."

A civilian told a soldier he'd just been put in 4-M in the draft. "I never heard of such a classification," said the soldier. "What's 4-M?"

"Well," explained the civilian, "they found out I'd been married four times and figured I didn't have any more fight left in me."

Making the rounds, the OD came upon a rookie on guard duty. The OD asked the rookie, "What is general order No. 6?"

"Don't know," replied the rookie.

The OD tried again: "What is general order No. 4?"

"Hell, I don't know."

"What did the corporal of the guard tell you?" asked the OD.

"He said, 'Watch out for the OD., he's a louse'."—[Sent in by Lawrence E. Bord, in Australia.]

"Maybe this isn't one of those 'sea-going' tanks."

SGT. DON MACLAUGHLIN
MINTER FIELD, CAL.

"Any more bets, fellows? Australia pays 8 to 5, England 3 to 1, Africa 6 to 5."

PVT. AL WEINBERG
CAMP SUTTON, N. C.

ARMY WIFE

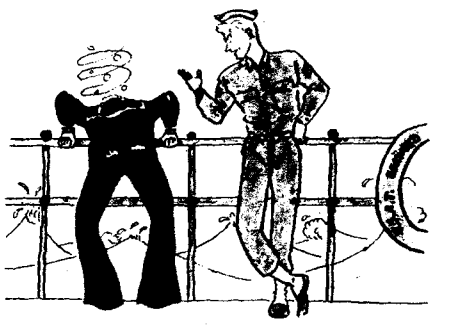
Oh, for the life
Of an Army wife,
Full of such fun and glee.
You plan a week-ender
On a riotous bender
And your private gets Sunday KP.
You do lots of knittin',
Your nails are all bitten,
You read magazines cover to cover,
While your eyes become bright
Nearing Saturday night
Then guard duty snatches your lover.

PFC. ROBERT MYERS
CAMP CLAIBORNE, LA.

OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS

An officer's a soldier and a gentleman
Made so by Congressional nod.
A noncom's a soldier and otherwise;
Some normal, some not, some odd.
A private's a fall guy named Joe,
A sucker, a plaything of the war god.
But the end will find 'em all like peas in a pod,
On a level—beneath the earth's sod.

1ST SGT. LUMAN S. NUTTER
CAMP PENDLETON, VA.



"You'll be OK, pal, once you get your sea legs."

AUSTRALIA — SGT. B. CRANE

CAMOUFLAGE

All items camouflaged in the sentences below have a salty tang, so think of the Navy when trying to uncover them.

If you haven't played Camouflage before here's how: The word "ship" is camouflaged in this sentence: "Hash is a dish I positively could do without."

Par for the course: 15 minutes.

1. Some of the boys used pens, ignoring the instructions which read, "Write in pencil only."
2. As soon as I sighted the munitions dump, I let 'er go. Zowie, a bull's eye! O man, what a grand and glorious feeling!
3. That's an outmoded tabu; oysters are O.K. in any month, whether or not it has an R in it.
4. He had often sailed through the Baltic on voyages as dangerous as they were important.
5. Can you tell me from what vitamin energy is obtained for the body?
6. Hat on the capstan, kerchief and sword on the deck—that's all that was left of the pirate.
7. Back home on our ranch, oranges and lemons grow by the thousands.
8. The usually taciturn and modest Roy erred this time by boasting too much.
9. I wish he'd call "at ease"—a man can't keep this pace up all day.
10. As soon as I get to my home town, I'm gonna hop a trolley and ride out to see my girl.

(Solution on Page 23.)

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SPORTS: NAVY DEALS WITH NOTHING LESS THAN CHAMPS, AND THE RESULTS SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES

By Sgt. Walter Bernstein

As in everything else, the Navy has only been satisfied with champions for their athletic program. They have swiped the cream of the sports world as physical education instructors, with enough left over for ordinary, or front line, duty. The Navy way of doing this is apparently very simple, involving nothing so crude as indiscriminate invitations marked "Greeting!" That method would be taboo if only because of the exclamation point. The Navy never uses exclamation points. Semicolons, yes, but nothing more blatant than that.

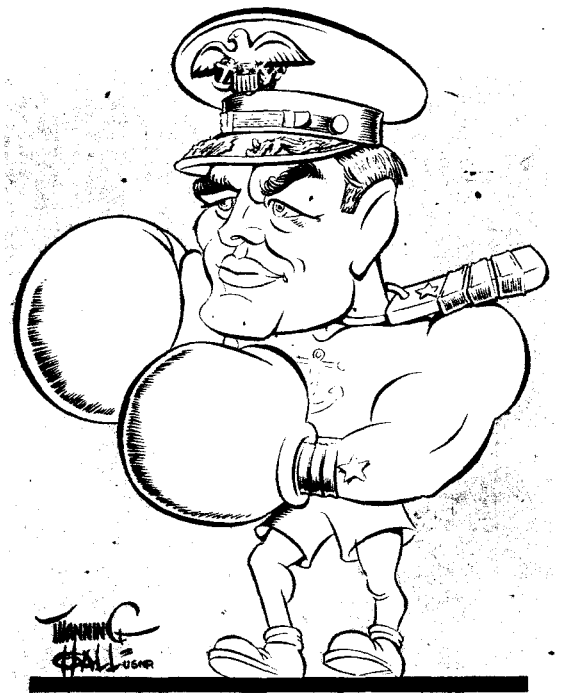
The Navy method seems simply to announce that the highly exclusive naval force of the U.S.A. will condescend to admit a limited number of brave, intelligent, handsome, socially-prominent and photogenic champions, and then call out the Shore Police to handle the mob.

The results speak for themselves. The Navy now handles more champions than Mike Jacobs. And it has naturally chosen an undefeated champion to head its athletic program, namely Comdr. Gene Tunney.

Actually, just being the best of some muscle movement is not enough to get a job with

C. P. O. Bob Feller

Comdr. Tunney. The fact that Billy Soose once held the middleweight title means less than the fact that he can teach body building to other guys in a clear and simple manner. Of course it comes in handy that he can bounce



The Great Tunney Fish

on his ear any seaman who actively dislikes the way Soose builds bodies, but that is a negative virtue.

As a matter of fact the Navy seems to have a fondness for middleweights. They also have Fred Apostoli, another former champ, Tony Zale, the present champ in certain states, and Georgie Abrams, holder of the sometime distinction of having beaten Soose a couple of times. There is probably a good reason why middleweights gravitate to the Navy while the Army attracts heavyweights, but it is a mystery which will have to wait until the end of the war for scientists to solve.

There are other boxers in the Navy proper, but the Coast Guard is the outfit with more than its share of leather pushers. Lt. Comdr. Jack Dempsey heads the former fighters who are in the Coast Guard, with Gus Lesnevich, the light-heavy king, Marty Servo and Lou Ambers a few of the others.

The Navy boasts several champion golfers, among them Sammy Snead and Johnny Fischer. Baseball players also seem to have a fondness for life on the deep. C.P.O. Bob Feller is practically on his second hitch by now, and the service also numbers George Earnshaw, Ted Williams, Mickey Cochrane, Johnny Rigney, Dom DiMaggio and old-timer Rube Marquard, now pitching depth charges.

So far as football is concerned, too many college teams remember the Great Lakes Naval Station and all the Naval Pre-Flight monsters. These employed mostly ex-All-Americans who had joined the Navy to make good, and were coached by Lt. Comdr. Jock Sutherland, Jim Crowley, Dick Harlow and other old salts.

We could only find a single swimming champ in the Navy, which is another one of those things. This was Bill Krauss, holder of several national A.A.U. swimming titles. On the other hand the Army is full of swimmers, most of them far inland. This is probably an indication of something, probably that Gen. Hershey was quicker than Comdr. Tunney.

There is also a variety of miscellaneous Navy champs, among them Freddie Cochrane, welterweight titleholder; Billy Brown, national A.A.U. track champion; Les MacMitchell, star miler from N.Y.U., and Emilio Bruno, a judo expert.

Not all of the athletes in the Navy are instructors. A lot of them are ordinary seamen or flyers or whatever else in the Navy corresponds to the Army dogface. Those who do instruct have no cinch and frequently carry their physical culture right into battle. The proof of their efficiency is that you see few sailors walking around with concave chests and hollow cheeks, and none collapsing from over-exertion in the middle of a battle. It would seem that the Navy, with the help of some high-grade talent, is turning out men.

Champion Freddie Cochrane

Yanks Grab Fielding Title, Injuns Had Three Leaders

The New York Yankees won team fielding honors in the American League in 1942 but individual honors went to the Boston Red Sox and Cleveland Indians.

The Yankees fielded .976, only two points ahead of Cleveland and Boston, who tied for second.

The Red Sox and Indians dominated the all-star individual defensive lineup. Boston had six men among the top players while Cleveland put five in the upper bracket. New York, St. Louis and Chicago each had one.

Les Fleming, Cleveland rookie, was the best fielding first baseman with .993. Bobby Doerr of Boston led the second sackers with .975 and Ken Keltner was the top third baseman for the second straight year with .945. Lou Boudreau, young Cleveland manager, won the shortstop race with .965.

Walter Judnich of the Browns, Roy Weatherly of the Indians and Boston's Ted Williams paced the outfielders. New York's Buddy Rosar was the leading catcher, although no backstop caught more than 100 games last season.

High mark for pitchers, .987, was made by Tex Hughson of the Red Sox.

Death Claims Red Cagle And Track Ace Borican

The sports world last week mourned the loss of two of its greatest headliners—Christian (Red) Cagle, captain and All-American halfback of Army's 1929 football team, and Long John Borican, the record-smashing New Jersey middle distance ace.

Cagle died in a New York hospital when he contracted pneumonia after a skull fracture. Three days before his death, he staggered into his Jackson Heights apartment mumbling that he had been "kicked in the head." It later was learned that Cagle fractured his skull when he fell down a flight of subway stairs.

Cagle resigned at West Point in 1930 under circumstances which were tantamount to dismissal after it was learned he had been married in 1928 in violation of regulations.

The long-striding Borican, the national indoor 1,000-yard and outdoor 800-meter champion, died following three months of illness. A superb 170-pounder, Borican had wasted away to 110 pounds.

IT'S SEAMAN SYKES NOW

Art Sykes, the former heavyweight contender who survived eight rounds with Sergeant Joe Louis, has just signed up for a fight-to-the-finish with the Navy.

PUZZLE SOLUTIONS

DOUBLE PUZZLE

• E plus FLOUR plus BRIDE plus TANK minus TRUNK minus BEE = FLORIDA.

SLAP SELF DSC
CAVE AIRER DUEL
OVER CRETE IDLE
TARTARS HERSELF
APE NADIA
ADMIT COL GRASS
MEAN EAT DIMPLE
ANN KEN HID POE
SINFUL CAD SLOP
SMALL MUD STEPS
OARED ERA
SLACKEN FLORIDA
LINK MADAM TORN
ACTS ICONS ETAT
BEE TEES RAGS

THE WAY OF A WORM

Exactly one quarter of an inch. Stand two books on a shelf next to each other. You'll see that page 1 of the left-hand book, which would be Vol. I, adjoins the last page of the second volume, separated only by the thickness of two covers.

CHECKER STRATEGY

Red moves 13 to 17. Black jumps 32 to 23
Red moves 31 to 26. Black jumps 23 to 30
Red moves 17 to 21. Black has only one move on the board, 30 to 26.
Red jumps 21 to 30 to 23, and WINS because the Black king on 29 must get pinned in 2 moves.

CRASS-WORDS

T	Y	P	E
T	Y	P	E
T	Y	P	E
T	Y	P	E

GENERAL MIXUP

1. South China Sea. 2. Mediterranean Sea 3. Persian Gulf. 4. Arctic Ocean. 5. Coral Sea. 6. North Sea. 7. Baltic Sea. 8. Indian Ocean. 9. Atlantic Ocean. 10. Pacific Ocean

CAMOUFLAGE

1. ensign. 2. yeoman. 3. buoy. 4. convoy 5. mine. 6. tanker. 7. anchor. 8. destroyer 9. seaman. 10. patrol.

KNOTS TO YOU!

Yes: A, C, D. No: B, E, F.

Not Just This Week...

But every week, YANK reports the activities of our Navy. Two yeomen on YANK's staff assure Navymen of news, pictures and features on our sailors throughout the world.

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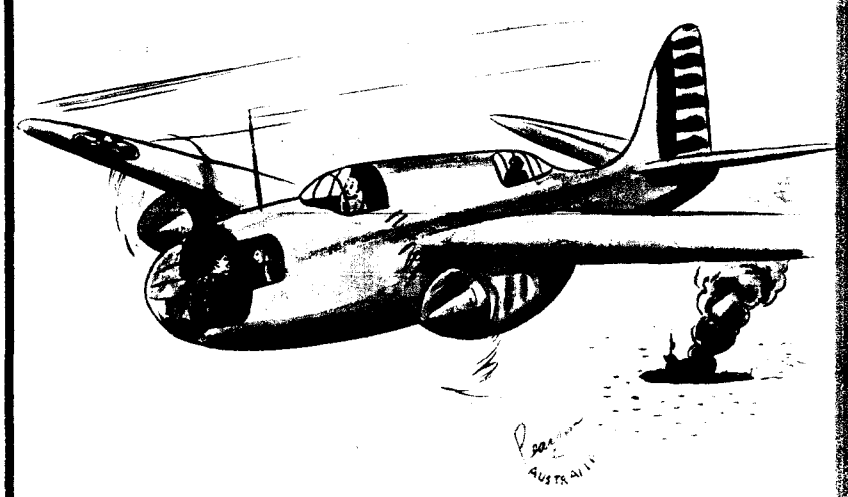
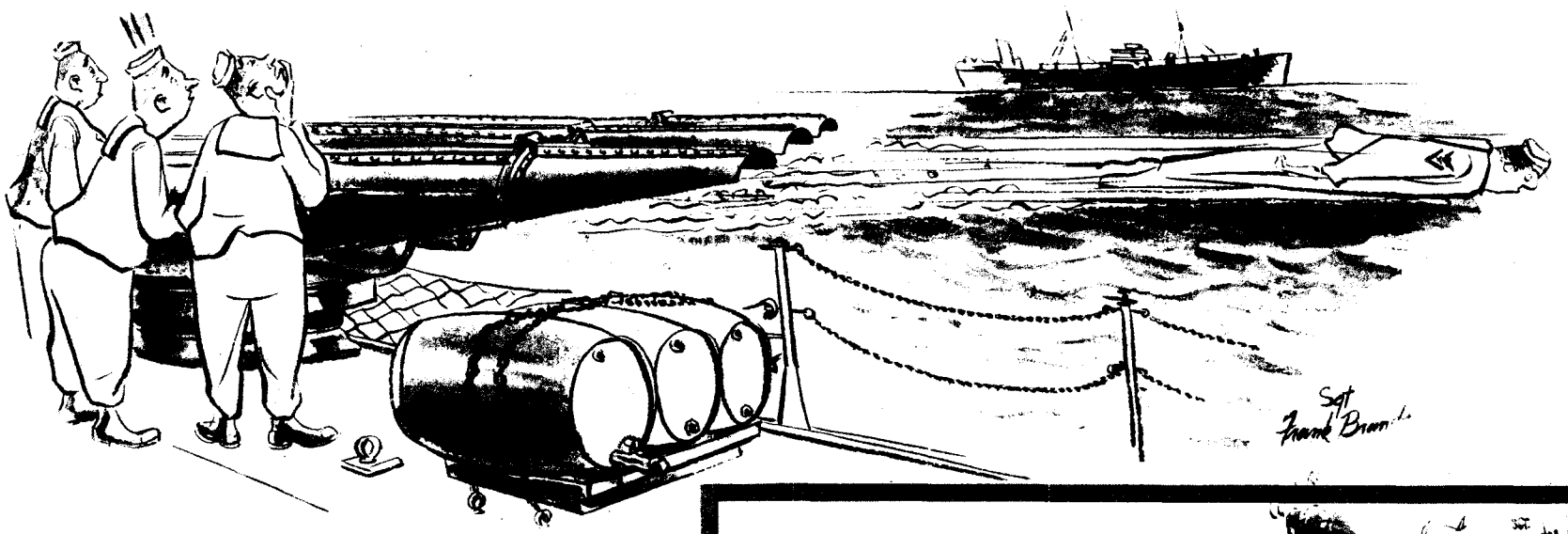
YANK

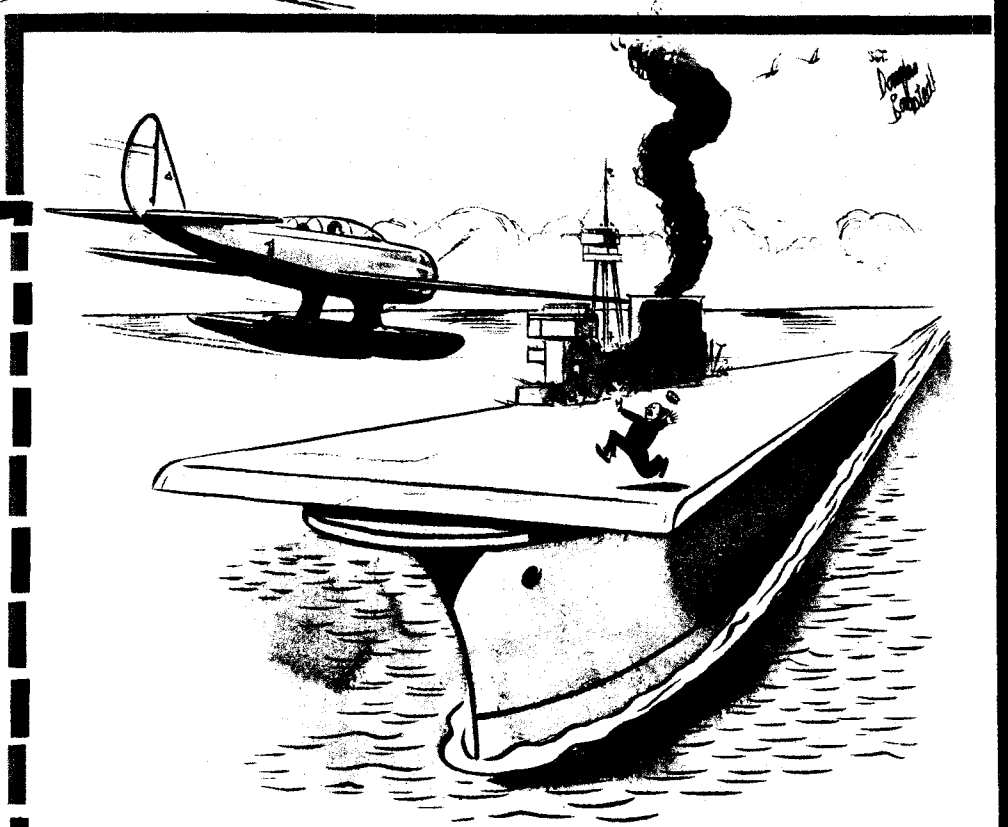


"VICTOR WANTS TO GO ON TO TOKYO. WE STILL HAVE A BOMB LEFT."

"YOU MAY DO AS YOU WISH, BUT I WILL NOT BE RESCUED BY A SHIP WE'VE ALREADY SUNK IN OUR OFFICIAL COMMUNIQUES."



"SO THAT'S THE WONDERFUL SPOT HE HAD FOR CRAPPING OUT!"



"NOT YOU, DAMMIT! YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO USE THE WATER."

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